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The Free Pound

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Malcolm Muggeridge
À Propos Soustelle

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Dom Mintoff
New Plan for Malta

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Propagandists and Witnesses

THE Rocket-base demonstrators can be criticised at a number of levels. At the lowest – what one might call the Bournemouth East level – they are denounced as Communist saboteurs, deliberately impeding the construction of defences vital to the nation's security. This can be summarily disposed of. They are dedicated pacifists, most of whom belong to no party. Moreover, the Thor rocket is generally recognised as an inefficient and obsolescent piece of military hardware, which the US Air Force has rejected as unsuitable. Britain agreed to permit the US to build the bases in exchange for nuclear secrets; from the point of view of national defence they are a military liability.

At a slightly more sophisticated level the demonstrators are seen as harmless crackpots, whose convictions, though doubtless held with the utmost sincerity, simply do not make sense in the harsh world we inhabit. The Home Secretary has clearly given instructions to treat them as gently as possible. The object of this technique, so often employed by British society in the past to stifle uncomfortable notions, is to convince the public that nuclear disarmament is something vaguely akin to nudism, vegetarianism and growing beards: an absurdity, of course, but one which the British are broad-minded enough to tolerate within limits.

A more serious view of the Direct Action campaign, held by many thoughtful people on the Left, is that it is unconstitutional. Direct Action, so the argument runs, is justified in, say, South Africa or pre-war India, where the protesting section of the public is denied constitutional expression of its opinions. But in Britain, where there are free elections and universal suffrage, Direct Action is unnecessary and dangerous. It is one thing to parade outside the sites; it is another to gain entry by force and impede work. If the Left supported such methods, it is maintained, it would forfeit its logical or moral case against the Right doing the same. For those who take this view, the obverse side of the Rocket-Marcher medal is General Massu's *coup* in Algiers; for no doubt he was equally sincere in his views.

At the highest level of all, there are those, including many who participate in the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign itself, who believe the Direct Action marchers are simply unwise. Both the parties, they agree, have failed in their duty, and extra-parliamentary methods are essential. But the function of the Campaign is educative: its aim is to convince, by propaganda, a sufficient number of people to make constitutional action possible. Direct Action, they argue, not merely fails to advance this aim, it actively impedes it by antagonising many who might be open to conviction, and by reducing a nationwide movement of reasonable men to the status of a minority cult.

Here we come to the crux of the argument: the conflict between the Propagandists – those who believe that the task of the reformer is to assist the gradual evolution of opinion – and the Witnesses, who feel morally constrained to give full and immediate expression to their convictions. This conflict, which is an aspect of the struggle between expediency and principle, has been a feature of all British campaigns for reform and is written deep into the history of the Labour Party. The party's achievements are largely due to the fact that both wings have held each other in balance, and many would apply the same lesson to the disarmament campaign. Both groups, they would argue, are equally right, in their own way, and both equally necessary to the movement.

This is an easy way out, for it ignores three vital facts. First, there can be no doubt that the 'expediency' wing of the Labour Party has gained a decisive upper hand in recent years, and that with Mr Bevan's defection the 'principle' wing has lost its voice. Second, in the case of the rocket-bases, the constitutional methods of the campaign have been shown to be ineffective: the official Labour line is to oppose the bases, but in practice it has done nothing. The demonstrators can reasonably claim that, the resources of the constitution having been exhausted, they are at liberty to seek others. Third, and most important, is time. Society could afford to take twenty years to end the slave trade. The nuclear holocaust may be lit tomorrow. What drives the marchers down the road to Pickenham is the sound of time's winged chariot behind, trundling its cargo of death.

Comments on the Week's News

Drifting Firmly on Berlin

The suggestion, in the new Western notes, that four-power talks should be held on Berlin is welcome, but the absence of any alternative proposal to Mr Krushchev's 'Free City' plan is disturbing. Disengagement was scarcely mentioned at last month's Nato meeting, and there is no support in western chancelleries for any reunification proposal which does not involve free elections. Does the West, then, intend to stand pat on Berlin and treat the growing threats from Moscow as bluff? It seems so: though the British proposal to deal with East German officials on a *de facto* basis, as Soviet 'agents', will probably be accepted by the two other allied governments, despite Dr Adenauer's objections. But 'standing firm' on Berlin is, in the present context, a policy of drift; and, as the end of May approaches, it is vital that the West should at least consider the alternative that Mr Gromyko may not be bluffing when he said 'Berlin could lead to war'. Russia is nearing the point when she, like the US, can deliver a knock-out thermonuclear blow. The six-month moratorium on Berlin may be military, rather than diplomatic, in timing; and we must not be surprised if Mr Krushchev makes a spectacular military announcement this spring. The US would then be in the position – which has never yet confronted her – when standing firm on a western outpost might involve her own, as well as everyone else's, total destruction. If Russia then stands by her threats, and the US has nothing negotiable to offer, her only alternative will be an ignominious Munich.

Soviet in Session

The stage is now being set for the 21st party congress in Moscow. At the pre-Christmas meeting of the Central Committee, Mr Bulganin made his confession of complicity in the 'anti-party' intrigues of Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich and Shepilov, and there is no doubt that Mr Krushchev would like to have other members of this group admit their errors before or during the congress which is to seal and deliver his title to the leadership. After the Central Committee meeting, at the sessions of the Supreme Soviet, two other aspects of the Krushchev programme have been ratified. The first is the replacement of General Serov by Mr Shelepin as head of the security service, and the promulgation of the much-discussed and much-delayed new criminal code. This change has more than symbolic value. It is part of the process of establishing political (and party) control over the administrative machine: though Mr Shelepin may be a tough official, his experience in the Komsomol has equipped him to deal with heresy and deviation by ideological rather than purely physical means. The new criminal code, moreover, seems designed to give rather firmer assurances of 'Socialist legality' in the courts, even though it does not go so far as the more liberal concepts which were canvassed during the 'thaw' of 1955-6. Both these actions fit broadly into the Krushchev pattern of controlled reform, and will enable him to claim that he is still carrying out the general line of the 20th congress. The other important measure introduced at the Supreme Soviet session was the educational budget, which almost doubles the amount to be spent on education next year, and brings it close to the disclosed total for defence expenditure. It may be difficult to spend the full amount of the estimate, for the educational system is now to be thoroughly reorganised along the new lines recently proposed by Krushchev, and this upheaval will make it difficult to absorb the budgeted increase. But the decision underlines Krushchev's overall purpose: by a combination of high investment and technical education, Soviet economic power is to be doubled in the next generation, although living standards are to be raised. Despite his troubles since the 1956 congress, he has given himself ample material for a congratulatory report in 1959.

Nasser Returns to Favour

Few statesmen have been more skilful than President Nasser in deriving advantage from their misfortunes. The collapse of the Socialist-Ba'ath opposition in Iraq was the first popular setback he had suffered since his advent to power. He has used it to construct, and then clamber upon, a Middle Eastern anti-Communist platform which has immediately restored him to American favour; thus he is resuming the position, which he held with such profit until July 1956, of being wooed by both the blocs. The skill with which he has managed this operation is worthy of note. Though he was careful, both through his emissaries in Baghdad and in conversations with Arab and foreign journalists, to emphasise that he was in no way connected with Colonel Aref's schemes, and that any talk of union between Iraq and the UAR was absurdly premature, at the same time he permitted the Ba'athists in Syria to launch a carefully orchestrated campaign of vilification against General Kassem, which slowly assumed an anti-Communist tinge. Next, though more moderately, the Cairo press joined suit, its accusations being made more palatable (and, paradoxically, credible) by linking the 'Communist conspirators' in Iraq with the Zionist-Imperialists. Then came the successful visit of Mr Rountree, from the State Department, indicating that Washington was already nibbling at the bait. Last week, therefore, Nasser felt the time had come to raise the campaign to a government level, in speeches by himself and Colonel Serraj, Minister of the Interior of the Syrian province; though here again, the attacks were limited to Syrian Communists, the line to Baghdad being kept open. On Sunday, the Russians signed their agreement to finance the first stage of the Aswan Dam scheme with a long-term loan of £35 million, and to supply technical help; but the text cunningly allows other countries, when and if available, to participate in the scheme, whose total cost will be over £450 million. No doubt the new anti-Communist line was not relished in Moscow; but the Russians avoided Mr Dulles' mistake, in July 1956, of revoking aid for the dam in a fit of political pique. Meanwhile, it looks as though the line will produce the pay-off in Washington and even in London. Mr Eugene Black, president of the World Bank, has flown to see Nasser, his mission being not merely to reopen the Aswan file, but also to facilitate the long-deferred Anglo-Egyptian settlement on the cost of Suez. It looks, therefore, as if Nasser will conserve his enormous post-Suez gains whilst still remaining on profitable terms with both the West and Russia – an achievement which even his model, Bismark, might have envied.

NEXT WEEK

From my Chinese Diary

by R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Is 'Lolita' Obscene?

by V. S. PRITCHETT

Turkish Concessions on Cyprus?

Events in and around Cyprus have taken a more hopeful turn during the past few days, despite Eoka's new threat to end the truce. It is true that General Darling persuaded the cabinet to overule Sir Hugh Foot's decision to take the Eoka Christmas truce seriously; but the situation on the island remains more relaxed than for many weeks. Security operations have been reduced to a minimum, and Greek-Cypriot opinion, to judge by the attacks on the intransigent Bishop of Kyrenia, is now fully behind Archbishop Makarios' renunciation of Enosis. Against this background, the private bilateral talks between Greece and Turkey are of great importance. It was evident from the start of the Emergency that disagreement between Greece and Turkey as to the future status of the island provided the most convincing excuse for the maintenance of British sovereignty. But this disagreement was bound to remain so long as Greece supported Enosis and Turkey partition. Three months ago, the first of these obstacles was removed when Makarios settled for independence; but the deadlock could still be maintained by the British government so long as the Turks clung to partition. At long last, following the pre-Christmas discussions in Paris, and doubtless under some US pressure, the Turks appear to be relenting. Their conversations with Greece, in fact, seem to be turning on the scope and nature of the guarantees to be accorded to the Turkish-Cypriot minority. Once the principle of partition is replaced by the principle of guarantees, the road to a solution is open, for the Greeks have always been willing to write generous minority clauses into any constitution, provided the integrity of the island is preserved. British objections, too, must necessarily collapse: for the government can hardly continue to defend partition when the ally on whose behalf it was advanced has agreed to renounce it.

Harrow and the Bill

Sir Alan Herbert continues with his preparations to contest the by-election in East Harrow. He has appointed an election agent and his election address, now in the printer's hands, will be published next week. He is unlikely to make any final decision, however, until the committee of the Author's Society has met next Wednesday to discuss the Parliamentary Debate on Obscene Publications and to consider the overtures made in that debate by Mr R. A. Butler. In view of the fact that the Conservatives have this week adopted a retired naval officer as their candidate, Sir Alan, as a retired lower deck rating, may feel that to stand in opposition to Commander Courtney would be conduct prejudicial to good order and naval discipline.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Perfidious Albion Again

Our Paris Correspondent writes: 'The French government has known for some weeks that the Macmillan cabinet had decided to return to what it is convenient to call the convertibility of the pound. The initiative came from London. . . .' Thus M. Raymond Aron in Monday's *Figaro*. This affirmation, coming from the most widely respected right-wing commentator, whom no one can accuse of Anglophobia, testifies better than anything else to the success of M. Soustelle's latest propaganda stunt. Ever since the first rumour of devaluation began to spread in Paris, provoking a wave of speculation on the Bourse of a magnitude rare even under the Fourth Republic, a discreet public relations team has been explaining to the nation that it is all 'the fault of the English'. Gradually, side by side with the articles on the 'heavy franc', which will restore France's financial prestige, etc., acid commentaries have begun to appear, accusing 'Perfidious Albion' of waging economic warfare against France.

In an attempt to trace the origin of these inspired stories, I have spoken to senior officials of both the Ministry of Finance and the Quai d'Orsay. Both have insisted, first, that the initiative to precipitate the dual Anglo-French financial operation came from Paris; and, secondly, that the British government have co-operated throughout with the greatest good will. These officials maintained that relations between Number 11 Downing Street and the Ministry of Finance have never been better and they declare themselves mystified as to the origin of the anti-British campaign.

There seems little doubt, therefore, that it was launched by M. Soustelle's Ministry of Information. He himself has every reason to dislike the British. The champions of dictatorial regimes have traditionally regarded Britain, the symbol and example of the parliamentary system, as a bitter enemy. In all the dictator countries of the Thirties, such as Germany, Italy, Spain and Poland, Britain was the object of systematic government campaigns of calumny, the reasoning being that, if you could persuade people to dislike the country you could eventually persuade them to dislike the institutions which flourished there. M. Soustelle's Anglophobia, however, has other causes. He believes, probably with some reason, that the bad press he has received in London has been a major factor in persuading de Gaulle not to appoint him premier.

There is, all the same, an element of confusion in the Gaullist presentation of the new financial programme. Although everything is 'the fault of the English', the programme is, at the same time, a decision of genius taken personally by General de Gaulle. Because of British perfidy, the franc is to lose nearly 18 per cent. of its value; at the same time, thanks to de Gaulle, it is to become 'heavy', convertible, and the basis of French economic regeneration. Is the object of the anti-British campaign, then, a sort of insurance policy against the future? It would seem so. For though the French have received with reasonable fortitude the news that their standard of living is to take an abrupt downward plunge because they have been 'living beyond their means', the published figures reveal, for the first time, that the principal element in this riotous existence has been, is, and is likely to remain, the Algerian war.

Westminster

The Loyal Friend

'Please,' said Lord Hailsham a trifle plaintively to a meeting of Conservatives at Newbury seven weeks ago, 'please be extremely careful about your selection of candidates.' Maybe he was thinking of Major James Arthur Friend, of Charnes Hall, Eccleshall, Staffordshire, the prospective Tory candidate for East Bournemouth.

Major Friend was adopted nearly two years ago, after the sitting member, Mr Nigel Nicolson, had lost the confidence at least of the dominating element in his local association by opposing the government's intervention in Suez. Major Friend at once displayed some of his qualities; for when, on 1 April 1957, in an effort to avoid public clashes which might harm the Conservative cause in Bournemouth, Mr Nicolson sent him the complete list of his speaking engagements and other activities already arranged in the constituency, Major Friend replied in a single sentence. 'I have read the letter,' he wrote, 'which you sent me from the House of Commons on All Fools' Day.'

A prep-school outlook, however, was no handicap to a Tory candidate in Bournemouth or, perhaps, elsewhere; nor, for a time, was anyone in Bournemouth, except Mr Nicolson and his remaining supporters, disturbed by rumours that Major Friend carried his puerility to the point of having associations with the League of Empire Loyalists. But after the clashes, which culminated in the scenes at the last Conservative conference at Blackpool when members of the League interrupted the Prime Minister and were grievously manhandled, these rumours of Major Friend's connection with the League seemed disturbing enough to call for official denial.

So, in a letter to *The Times* on 17 December, Major Friend wrote: 'I should like to emphasise that I am not a member nor a supporter of the League of Empire Loyalists and approve neither of its objects nor its methods and I take this opportunity of publicly dissociating myself from it'. At this point Anthony Howard, until last week the Political Correspondent of *Reynolds News*, comes into the story. Suspecting that the League might not be altogether pleased at this public repudiation by Major Friend, he asked its officials what truth, if any, there really was in the rumours. His hunch paid off. He was shown a number of letters. In one of these, dated 30 November 1957, Major Friend had asked the chairman of the League's Central Policy Committee to let him have the names of Bournemouth readers of the League's weekly newspaper, 'on whom I could call to strengthen my Christchurch committees'. In another letter, dated 10 March of this year, Major Friend gave the League some information about a meeting Mr Nicolson was to hold in the constituency at Southbourne and hinted that if he could meet the League's director in two days' time he would be able to provide further information. To this, Mr Chesterton, for the League, replied: 'I shall be very glad to send down a team to Southbourne. . . . No doubt we could manage to make the proceedings very uncomfortable for Master Nigel'.

No doubt, too, these revelations by Mr Howard, following on Major Friend's categorical statement that he had 'no connection' with the League, are making the proceedings uncomfortable for Lord Hailsham. Lord Hailsham's difficulties, however, only begin with the revelations.

His real difficulty is that Major Friend is exactly the type of man that many local Conservative Associations really want as their representative. If, now, a number of other associations follow Bournemouth's lead and adopt as candidate the full blooded, empty minded anachronism which most nearly represents their instincts, Lord Hailsham, Mr R. A. Butler and Mr Iain Macleod will have greater difficulty than usual in presenting their party as a reasonable, up-to-date, liberal-minded organisation.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

New York

No News

One of the least justified of strikes has left New Yorkers with a heightened regard for the daily newspaper and less tolerance than ever for the irresponsible trade union. Of the 4,500 members of the Union of Newspaper and Mail Deliverers, 877 – fewer than 20 per cent. – voted to reject a contract already approved by their leaders, the others not bothering to vote at all. In consequence, all nine of the city's dailies were forced to shut down, tens of thousands of their employees in other unions were 'furloughed' without pay, millions of dollars in pre-Christmas advertising revenues were lost, and small dealers throughout the metropolitan area were driven to the wall. New Yorkers learned in three weeks that television, radio, and news magazines, all very well in their place, were inadequate as substitutes for the daily paper.

If the other unions were dubious about the casual way in which this union of questionable repute could do such damage, the publishers maintained an all-too solid front. Papers from outside could have been poured into the city, with a fortune in extra advertising, but nothing of the sort happened. The commuter railroads got out mimeographed news sheets or put up station news bulletins for their home-going passengers, and more than one store, whether as a lure or a public service, regularly tacked up an out-of-town paper in its display window.

The *New York Times*, which was the only paper that continued to pay its staff, tried nobly to satisfy the public need over its own radio station. News roundups every half-hour, interviews, and even a daily presentation of an imaginary front page were offered; but few could, or cared to, listen to endless repetitions of the main news bulletins in order to come across some item they might not yet have heard. Television failed even more signally to make anything of the opportunity, offering nothing fresh or imaginative in the way of coverage. And with five million New Yorkers hungry for news, *Time* and *Newsweek* seemed, if anything, shorter on that commodity than usual, stimulating the suspicion that for them, as for a good many others of us, the *New York Times* is the indispensable index to current history.

In terms of public relations, the Deliverers' Union could not have acted with less thought for future investigations, whether by Congressional committees, anti-labour journalists, or objective analysts. It is not easy to see why an additional two or three dollars in a deliverer's weekly pay envelope, plus an extra holiday a year, should be had at the cost of $450 to $600 to an unwillingly 'furloughed' reporter or of bankruptcy to an innocent newsdealer. But the union gave us a few pre-Christmas weeks of comparative freedom from tidings of private sin and public folly.

ROBERT BENDINER

The Free Pound

For over six years four successive Conservative Chancellors have been feeling their way towards the decision, finally taken last week-end, to unify the two principal types of sterling used in world trade, and to make them convertible on demand into dollars or any other currency.

They have been impelled, no doubt, by a number of motives. For one thing, it could be represented as the ultimate achievement of Tory Freedom in the foreign exchange market. But perhaps more important has been the desire to strengthen the prestige of sterling. In 1925, powerful figures persuaded Winston Churchill that the pound should be allowed to look the dollar in the face. In the last few years their sons, strongly supported by the Bank of England, have been insistent that sterling should be allowed to regain its full place as an international currency. There have been pressures, too, from overseas, especially from the US, latterly joined by West Germany, and powerfully reinforced by the institutional deflationists who preside over the world's central banks. Exporters of dollar goods, supported by would-be importers in this country, have swelled the pressure lobby, thinking, rightly or wrongly, that currency convertibility must mean, or be quickly followed by, a removal of import controls on dollar goods.

Labour Chancellors, after the disastrous go-it-alone experiment which was forced on us in 1947 under the terms of the Washington Loan Agreement, successfully resisted these pressures, rightly insisting that convertibility could not be contemplated until three conditions were realised. First, the gold reserves must be very much higher; second, we must have adequate guarantees that markets would not be suddenly closed to British goods, and third, the balance between the dollar area and the rest of the world had to be righted.

Though our gold reserves have consistently been below the level they reached in October 1951, Conservative Chancellors have dropped the insistence on these conditions. Mr Butler scrapped our bilateral arrangements, unified practically all the sterling held by the non-dollar world, and took great risks with our dollar position by substantially dismantling foreign exchange control and freeing the speculative commodity markets – despite Hugh Gaitskell's warnings that such measures would make sterling far more vulnerable to a strain on the exchanges and force the government to take measures of deflation, even ultimately involving unemployment, as a means of avoiding a sterling crisis.

Mr Butler's policy of unilateral disarmament was pushed much further on 24 February 1955, when he met the first Tory Freedom crisis by a decision that the Bank of England should be free to throw in our gold and dollar reserves whenever it was necessary to prevent the transferable rate falling too far – more than about one per cent. – below the official rate. (Although Chancellors have been noticeably coy about giving the facts to the House of Commons, there can be little doubt that by far the greater part of the depletion of our reserves in the crises of 1955, 1956 and 1957 has resulted from this introduction of backdoor convertibility.)

The crisis of confidence that followed Suez, and Mr Thorneycroft's seven per cent. crisis, for a time stopped all thought of a further advance towards convertibility. Indeed on both occasions the immediate problem was to avoid devaluation, and the reserves were only kept over the minimum danger level by extensive borrowings, still to be repaid. But the mood of complacency induced by this year's improvement in our dollar reserves soon revived the old craving. At the New Delhi Conference, Mr Heathcoat Amory promised early action: the only question was whether the government would dare act before a general election.

In the past few weeks the question has become involved with the negotiations about the Free Trade Area. Convertibility of sterling and other major European currencies would mean the dissolution of the European Payments Union which had oiled the wheels of European trade for eight years. EPU has been a remarkable success: besides providing a means for monthly financial settlements, it has been a powerful source of credit which enabled European trade to expand without frequent lurchings into restrictionism. Until Mr Butler and his advisers got at it, it provided that 50 per cent. of each country's deficit at the monthly settlement should be financed by credit, the remaining 50 per cent. to be settled in gold. Under Britain's pressure the credit was limited to 25 per cent. and the gold payment increased to 75 per cent. Without these credit provisions, restricted though they have been, the rapid increase in intra-European trade following on the dismantling of import quotas would have been impossible.

But a purely European credit system could not survive in a world of convertible currencies, and Mr Maudling did not want his already difficult negotiations on the Free Trade Area complicated by such a decision – France was the major beneficiary of EPU's credits. When negotiations finally broke down, there were some who felt that convertibility and the end of EPU would be the best means of bringing France to heel. Others felt that such action would be highly provocative, and suggestive of pique.

In the event, the initiative leading to convertibility apears to have come from the French. The effects of Algeria on France's financial position forced the devaluation of the franc, and there can be little doubt that Dr Erhard, who has replaced Mr Dulles as France's backer, insisted that the operation should be comprehensive and directed towards his aim of freer trade and more freely convertible currencies. Britain had to be consulted and readily agreed, a decision which brought in the Scandinavians and Low Countries.

So from 9.0 a.m. on Monday, 29 December, all sterling in the hands of non-residents of the sterling area – with the exception of the relatively unimportant security sterling—became fully convertible, on demand, into dollars, as did the currencies of ten other Western European countries. The officially tolerated Zurich black market in transferable sterling is closed down and all major transactions in sterling transferred to London. The City will have more work to do and old skills to re-learn: there will be redundancies among the little gnomes of Zurich.

The technical aspects of the operation have been fully discussed in the financial columns of the press, the general reader slowly realising that it does not affect him, that of itself, the government's decision does not mean a bigger travel allowance or freedom to import American consumer goods, whatever decisions on these questions may be taken as time goes by. But what of the economic effects, and the political realities which depend upon them? Broadly there are two calling for immediate comment, and Hugh Gaitskell's forthright statement on Saturday night dealt with both, the implications for Britain and for Europe

For Britain, the decision is at the margin, one step further towards subordinating control over our own economic destinies to considerations of overseas finance, of which prestige forms an important part. Just as in 1925, the decision to return to the gold standard led to the surrender of any real control over Britain's domestic policies, and ultimately to the growth of mass unemployment, so the government's latest decision, on an admittedly smaller scale, means that the government's ability to pursue expansionist policies will henceforth be much more circumscribed by the dictates of international financial policy.

In the short run, particularly while the dollar remains weak, convertibility may strengthen sterling, though even in such conditions there will be less freedom to take such expansionist measures as the employment situation may demand: the Chancellor will have to look over his shoulder, just that little bit more, at the interest rates prevailing in New York and Frankfurt. But if a sterling crisis develops we shall be far more vulnerable: it may be anti-British, but it will be a great deal easier, to get out of sterling into dollars. We are assured that the migration of sterling transactions from Zurich to London will make intervention and control easier. So it may, but are we likely to see the necessary willingness on the part of the authorities? What is more possible is a further lurch into deflation, probably on a scale far exceeding that of 1957.

These considerations may have a decisive effect on election timing. None realises better than Mr Macmillan that his hopes of success at the polls depend on the preservation of the two legends he has so assiduously propagated, first, that in the modern world Tory Freedom need not mean heavy unemployment, second, that from the moment he overcame the economic crisis which he inherited from some unspecified predecessor, economic problems are a thing of the remote Socialist past. Last week-end's gamble has enabled him to strengthen his position temporarily, and pursue popular credit and budgetary policies for a few weeks or months, while making him far more vulnerable to the next crisis. The longer he goes, therefore, the greater the risk: the signs point to 1955 once again, election Budget and all. A post-election crisis can be handled in a very different political situation – and if the Socialists win, let them deal with it.

For Europe the signs are even easier to read. The British government has acquiesced, to put it no more strongly, in the destruction of EPU. True, the devaluation of the franc has enabled the French to extend more widely some of the quota concessions so far promised only to the Common Market countries and thus made a solution of the Free Trade Area deadlock a little easier. Even this is not yet certain, but if a solution is reached, Sir David Eccles's face will have been saved at a heavy price. In their insistence on maintaining discrimination between the Common Market and the rest of Europe, the French are seeking a political rather than an economic goal. It is federalism, rather than protectionism, which motivates their action. But in place of EPU's automatic credit they are now dependent on the harsher terms of the European Monetary Agreement. This means massive German economic aid, to a point which may have incalculable political consequences for Europe. We may yet find that the Common Market and the monetary manoeuvrings of last week-end may mean the end of French economic independence, and that Dr Adenauer and Dr Erhard may gain by Deutschemark diplomacy the prize that Hitler's military machine failed to win.

Harold Wilson

À Propos Soustelle

A KEY figure in the French Fifth Republic is Jacques Soustelle, who may be said to be, if not its architect, at any rate its only begetter. He produced the *mise-en-scene* for de Gaulle's dramatic re-entry on to the public stage, and for the tremendous ovation he received.

I came into contact with him in the war when he was the head of the Gaullist *Services Speciaux,* first in London, then in Algiers, and finally in Paris. The *Services Speciaux* comprehended Intelligence, as well as Special Operations. As these were, for a long while, the only operations in which the Gaullists were in a position to engage, Soustelle's post was, in practice, one of the most important in the whole Free French set-up. It involved constant bickering with MI6 and SOE, the two British organisations with which he had mostly to deal. He applied to the General's regular explosions a brinkmanship technique, whereby they would seem very menacing, and in practice serve to procure readier operational supplies and facilities. At the same time, he had to engage in a long guerilla warfare with the elements in the regular French Intelligence, whether in France, North Africa or elsewhere, which had attached themselves to the Allied cause. To add to his difficulties, they, of course, had their British and American backers. It was a complicated and somewhat sordid situation which provided (though I did not realise this fact at the time) an excellent grounding for a subsequent political career.

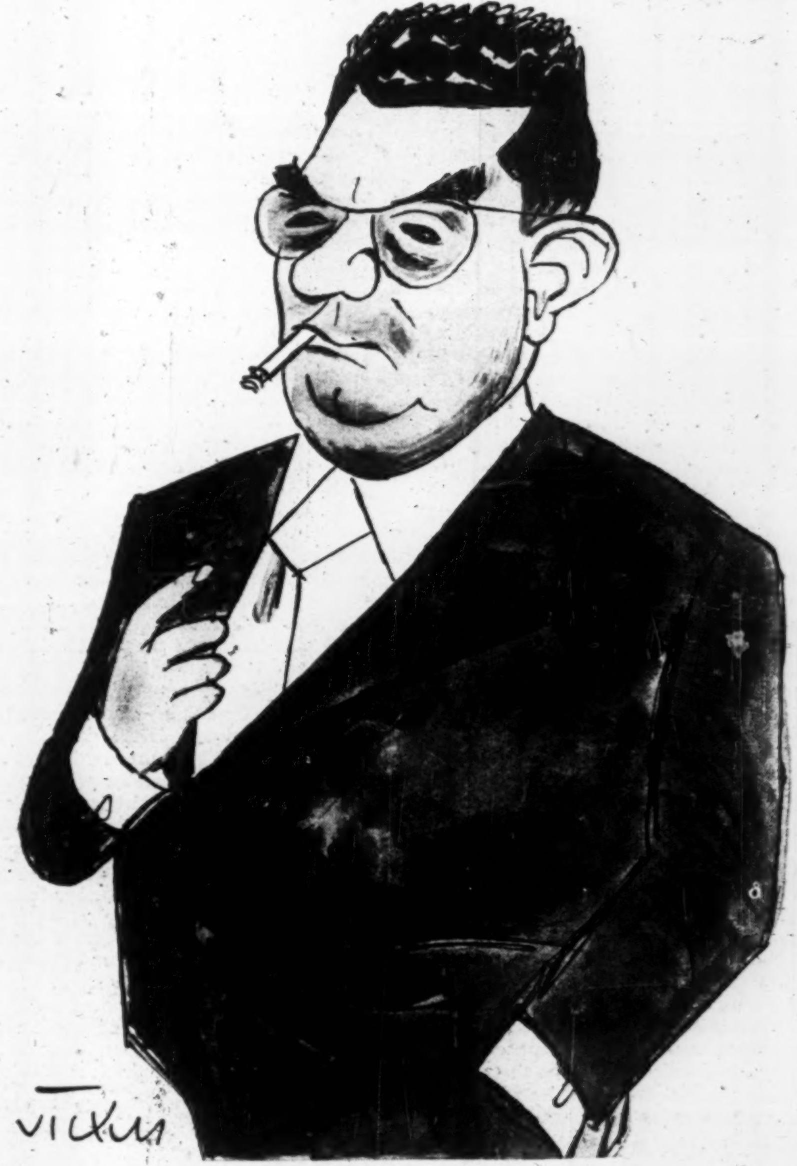
From the point of view of professional Intelligence personnel, Allied or French, Soustelle was an inveterate amateur. He had behind him an exceptionally brilliant academic career – before he was thirty he was Director of the Paris *Musée de l'Homme* – and came of proletarian origins. Thus, he conformed not at all to the standard model of high-brass Intelligence, which was still liable to derive from the North-West Frontier or Morocco, along with an admixture of bizarre individuals from the regular Services, who had proved ineffectual in command, and had been seen reading Proust, or perhaps only *David Copperfield,* and otherwise behaving eccentrically. Graham Greene's picture in *Our Man In Havana* is by no means exaggerated. Also, Soustelle had an extreme leftist and anti-fascist background, which, although theoretically permissible after the USSR got involved in the war, actually went on being suspect. Even so, my impression was that Soustelle made rings round the professionals. This cannot have been difficult, since, by and large, they are even more foolish than diplomats – which is saying a lot.

Two other points are worth making about this phase in Soustelle's career – one is that, unlike most of his associates in the *Services Speciaux,* he did not adopt a *nom-de-guerre.* He was always Soustelle. Nor did he ever, as far as I know, put on a uniform. He was always a civilian. The other is that in his immediate entourage there were quite a number who were far to the right as he was to the left – Colonel Passy for example – and that he seemed to be able to get along quite well with them.

I personally liked him very much from the beginning. He is the sort of human being I like – quick, with social affiliations downwards rather than upwards, cynical without being sentimental (a rare combination), interested widely rather than particularly; not pompous, amused, irreverent, and fond of conversation. In those days he used to tell me how he longed to get back to his academic studies, and how tedious and unrewarding he found it to deal with pushing, shoving human beings rather than with ideas. I daresay he meant it, but probably a more perceptive eye than mine would have detected in him the first symptoms of power-addiction. I recalled to him the other day how he had once pined for his *Musée de l'Homme,* and suggested that perhaps politics had provided a substitute – even though the exhibits were ostensibly alive. This was before the Fifth Republic, and he would not have it that there was any perceptible difference between the two *musées,* except that the one at the Trocadero was much more interesting than the one at the National Assembly.

In appearance he has changed little. He is one of those short, stocky, solidly built Frenchmen, with jet black hair growing thickly, and a rather rubicund complexion. The only thing is that his mouth has tightened up and his eyes have hardened. The drunkard becomes puffy and uneasy, the womaniser questing and hungry-looking, almost an ascetic, as though the reckless disbursement of sensuality produced the same end-product as its eschewal – the dust-bowl and the desert alike sand. In the same way, the power-addict writes his passion on his face. The design tends to concentrate round the mouth and the eyes.

By the time Soustelle moved to Algiers, the Gaullists were almost a government. By the time they got to Paris, they were one. Soustelle set up in the Boulevard Suchet, where the Duke of Windsor now lives; a luxury block overlooking the Bois which the Germans had used for some sort of headquarters. I also had an office there; and I remember, in the cold winter of 1944-45, throwing, without much regret, bits of what must have been very valuable furniture on to the fire. It was at this time that I saw most of Soustelle. Already he was acquiring enemies – such an enormous asset for success in politics. People began to talk about him and his associates as successors to the Gestapo. This was manifestly absurd; though it was, it must be admitted, unfortunate that the initials of the *Services Speciaux* should for a short while have been used on our car number-plates. We quickly adopted DCM instead. I had not much to do. The war, from an Intelligence point of view, was as good as won, and I mainly



employed myself, in, I fear, a somewhat desultory way, in trying to save some of the relatively harmless collaborators, who had been in and out of our and the enemy's Intelligence Services, from being shot or imprisoned.

For Soustelle the end of the war was the beginning of a political career which has carried him to his present eminence. During the intervening period I have seen him from time to time, always with pleasure. Once he was kind enough to arrange for me to interview General de Gaulle. Then and subsequently I was convinced that the General would have another spell in power, and that Soustelle would participate largely in it. Soustelle, of course, was likewise convinced of this. All his strategy as leader of the Gaullists in the National Assembly was based on such an assumption. De Gaulle waited; and Soustelle (almost alone towards the end) waited with him. Their hour has duly come.

The week-end before last I went over to Paris to see Soustelle again. Since the recent attempt on his life he has been heavily guarded – bodyguards with him night and day, sentries with tommyguns at the ready, a lot of obvious plainclothes men around. Going upstairs or along a corridor on one's way to him one is conscious of that curious silence, stillness, which outward and visible signs of force, as distinct from inward and invisible ones, always produce. Also, one is struck by the attitude of people towards him – not so much deference as an instinctive recognition that he is someone to be reckoned with, and likely to become more so. People smell power as a bull smells a cow on heat.

The questions that naturally arise are what Soustelle hopes for and what are his intentions. In my opinion, the answer is simply – power. It is an illusion, I think, to suppose that power is sought for this or that purpose, though, of course, it has to purport to be. For the most part, it is desired for its own sake alone, just as someone bent on seduction has no particular plans for afterwards – to listen to Mozart, or chat by a fire, or go out to dinner. The purpose is to seduce. Soustelle obviously assumes that, in view of the overwhelming electoral success of the UNR, of which he is the leader, he must be given a major post in the new government when it is formed early in January. This is likely to be Foreign Minister. If he were given the Ministry of Interior a lot of people who regard him as a potential fascist dictator would be alarmed. For the same reason, he cannot be Prime Minister, though M. Michel Debré, who is almost certain to be chosen, is far from being the quiet, middle-of-the-road figure which has been suggested. Those who know him consider that he is politically more incalculable than Soustelle.

Inevitably, at the moment, everything depends on de Gaulle. He would possibly much prefer not to have Soustelle in the government at all at this stage; to send him, as he has Malraux, on some protracted mission abroad. This, however, is not practicable. In Algiers it sometimes happened that cries of 'Vive Soustelle!' quite drowned those of 'Vive de Gaulle!' The Fifth Republic was born in Algiers. It could die there, too. Thus, Soustelle can afford to be philosophical about his present not particularly cordial relations with de Gaulle. He has had more experience than any other of de Gaulle's present associates of dealing with him. He knows this *Grand Immobiliste* through and through – with his stupendous flair for doing and saying nothing while seeming to do and say tremendous things. Moreover, de Gaulle will not be there for ever. It is quite possible, even, that he will not serve his full seven years as President. As long as his bodyguard looks after him properly, Soustelle, we may be sure, will continue to be around. He is only in his forties.

The great turning point in Soustelle's career, was, of course, his time as Governor-General in Algiers – a post to which he was appointed by Mendès-France. It is commonly supposed that, under the influence of the settlers and the military there, he shed his liberal ideas and developed strong reactionary affiliations. This, in my opinion, is a great over-simplification. The highly disagreeable realities of the Algerian situation undoubtedly influenced Soustelle, but what, I think, he essentially found in Algiers was an *apparat*. He sensed, particularly among the paratroops, a new spirit of nationalism, of detestation for the Fourth Republic and its dreary succession of insignificant prime ministers, which could be put to account. This was precisely what he needed, since he had long ago abandoned all hope of anything being achieved in the National Assembly.

The instinct of Soustelle has been amply justified by events. It was from and through Algiers, if in the name of de Gaulle, that he manipulated the overthrow of the Fourth Republic. In this sense, from his point of view, Algiers has served its purpose. His present ideas for its future conform with those of his associates – to use the lately discovered oil and natural gas to industrialise the country and raise its standard of life so that integration becomes a practical possibility, meanwhile continuing to maintain French military supremacy, at, it is hoped, a steadily decreasing cost in life and money.

Soustelle is well aware that the UNR polled over a million former Communist votes. He admits to being staggered by the result, more particularly as he had opposed the change from party lists to single-member constituencies, which Mollet and other old political hands insisted upon. His calculation was that relatively unknown UNR candidates would have a poor chance against entrenched local party politicians. In practice, it worked the other way. It was because the local party politicians were well known that they were defeated; it was because his men were new that they were elected. This can only happen once. By the time the next elections come round the UNR candidates will be judged on what has been achieved. The results Soustelle hopes for are an expanding economy and more and better welfare services. Here already a conflict has developed with Pinay, who, like the English Conservatives, believes in deflationary policies and economies in public expenditure. It is commonly supposed that de Gaulle leans increasingly on Pinay's side. The recent devaluation of the franc and other fiscal changes would seem evidence to support that view.

Three things, it seems to me, can now happen to Soustelle. Given high office, he can become an ordinary politician, leftist in his views on domestic policy, rightist in his strong anti-Communism and nationalist propensities. Or he can be eliminated, either by assassination, or by a premature break with de Gaulle which he is unable or unwilling to turn to his own account. Or he can continue, by whatever means present themselves, along the road he has followed since he went to Algiers, seeking power for himself, whether after de Gaulle or in the shadow of de Gaulle's prestige. I incline to think the last the most probable, if only because Soustelle has learnt the most dangerous of all political lessons – that the overturning of regimes is not difficult, but terribly, tragically easy; that the walls of Jericho fell down, not because the trumpet blasts were strong, but because the walls themselves were crumbling away.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

London Diary

DEFENCE estimates for the coming financial year have already reached an advanced stage, and it looks as if Mr Sandys will be given an extra £100 million or so to keep Britain in the nuclear-bomb-plus-missiles club. By any normal estimate it is a great deal of money, but it is unlikely to make any real difference to Britain's offensive power. I reach this conclusion, purely as a layman, after studying some recent figures, in reputable U.S. publications, on the costs of modern weapons-systems. Here are details of some of the numerous projects on which America is now spending money. The Air Force is clamouring for 90 more B52 bombers, plus 60 refuelling tankers which will cost $1,500 million, and 200 B58s, costing $1,600 million. It has already spent $1,700 million on a missile called the Bomarc, which is not yet operational, and plans to spend $3,000 million (or more) on another called the Minuteman. The new Navy-Air Force missile range in the Pacific will cost, it seems, $5,000 million. The Nike-Zeus anti-aircraft missile system, which may not work, is projected at $7,000 million, and a similar sum, according to one estimate, will be needed for the 40 Polaris missile-submarines which the Navy says it requires. These few projects alone will therefore cost something in the region of $26,800 million, or about £9,570 million – more than six times our total annual Defence estimates. What will Mr Sandys' extra £100 million bring him? Half a missile? A squadron of bombers? A tenth of a firing range? It would, as Dom Mintoff points out in this issue, make the whole difference between poverty and prosperity for Malta's 315,000 inhabitants.

* * *

The increase in convictions for parking and speeding offences has naturally set people talking again about the time wasted on the formalities of local courts. The obvious remedy is to follow the American precedent which enables motorists who do not contest the charge to go to an office window and pay a standardised fine. But is this such a good or even necessary idea? A legal friend puts it to me that too many people are already willing to plead guilty simply to save time, or because they feel that you are unlikely to win a case against the police. He also disliked anything that gave traffic police more discretion or wider powers. Anyway, he pointed out that for the last year the waste of time in the courts has been much less. The Magistrates Courts Act (1957) put the common practice of pleading guilty by post on a firmer footing, and the number of cases dealt with in this way has sharply increased. Since this relieves both the motorist and the police from attendance, it serves much the same purpose as the fine-on-the-spot.

* * *

This argument reminds me of the experience of a colleague who was stopped some years ago for speeding in New Jersey. He was taken back 20 miles to appear before a local judge who sat in his front parlour. Asked whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty, he insisted that the patrol car which stopped him had not been on the stretch of road where the alleged offence had taken place. 'Look, son,' said the judge, who was several years junior to him, 'I'm going to find you guilty anyway. Guilty costs seven bucks, not guilty will be fifteen.' Faced with this business proposition, my colleague surrendered. The court session over, the judge offered him a drink, saying he was the first Limey he had convicted that year. While judge, patrolman and client were

PIPELINE FOR DOLLARS

IN SOME PARTS OF CANADA, gas doesn't come from the gas-works. It is natural gas, tapped from the earth and brought to the consumer through pipe-lines which are often hundreds of miles long and **large sections of which are composed of steel pipes made by South Durham in Stockton-on-Tees, England.**

You would, of course, be right to regard this as a triumph of British enterprise, but consider the wider implications. Canadian purchases are paid for in dollars—and that, as everybody knows, is a currency of which we have never, since the War, had enough. But important though they are, dollars are only part of the story. Pipes and other South Durham manufactures are exported in quantity to other overseas markets as diverse as Kuwait, Iran and South America.

Altogether, since steel was returned to private enterprise, South Durham products have earned over **fifty million** dollars for Britain. That, by any standard, is a major contribution to the country's needs. It is proof that free enterprise steel benefits everyone. Where, then, is the sense in forcing the cumbersome and unwieldy procedure of nationalisation upon an industry which, under private enterprise, is so plainly and so effectively working for Britain?

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relaxing, the judge peeled off three dollars and gave them to the policeman. This, he explained to my friend, was the officer's commission. 'We do about 20 every Sunday', said the judge. 'That pays his wages.' My friend, it seemed, had been picked up simply because he had a New York licence plate. 'It's too risky to stop anyone with a Jersey plate', said the officer disingenuously. 'They might have influence.'

* * *

This year, for the first time, a general, not a politician, will be the central figure at the Independence Day celebrations in Rangoon. The familiar leaders of AFPFL will no doubt be present, but neither U Nu ('Clean AFPFL'), who has been Premier for eleven years, nor U Kyaw Nyein ('Stable AFPFL') are any longer members of the government. Does this mean that Burma has gone the way of other emergent states and become a military dictatorship? I judge not. General Ne Win, the new Prime Minister, whom I have seen both here and in Burma on and off since 1948, is not the sort of man to have personal political ambition. He was with Aung San in Japan during the war, and was the military leader of the Resistance. The army has always been his main interest. He once remarked that a soldier should be a civilian in khaki and a civilian a soldier off duty. He has practical, sensible notions, and is taking in hand the job of 'cleaning up' the country. He has formed a penal committee to end graft amongst politicians and public servants, most of all perhaps inside the State Marketing Board. Similarly, he is cleaning up the streets of Rangoon which have long been a public offence. He has promised to hold a general election as soon as possible, and I should guess that, unlike some other generals in authority, he will fulfil his promise. Burma may yet be the first of the newly independent countries to develop a two-party system.

* * *

My most vivid memory of Sir John Squire is of his speech many years ago as guest of honour at the Pepys dinner – an annual event at Magdalene, Pepys' old college – when A. C. Benson was still Master. Squire, for some reason perhaps connected with the excellence of the college wine, insisted on calling the Master 'Mr Master' and confusing Pepys with Keats. Every time he began 'Now, Keats, Mr Master – I'm sorry, Mr Master, I mean Pepys', which he did repeatedly, an undergraduate, who had dined even better than the rest of us, loudly applauded, reinforcing his cheers by loudly banging his spoon on the table. It was a riotous occasion, much appreciated by many, but not, I fancied, by A. C. Benson who liked quiet and decorum. Squire was in those days at his most famous as head of a Squirearchy and editor of the *London Mercury*. He had made a great reputation by his weekly Books in General in this journal under the pseudonym of Solomon Eagle, the predecessor, of course, of Desmond MacCarthy's Affable Hawk. For a time in the first world war he was in editorial charge of the NEW STATESMAN while Clifford Sharp, its first editor, was on war service. A classical account of Squire is to be found in A. G. Macdonnell's *England, Their England*. A young Scotsman, you may remember, he arrives at the *NS* office, reverently bearing introductions to Desmond MacCarthy and Squire. MacCarthy, time and arrears of work forgotten, oblivious of a long queue of contributors and office boys waiting for him, talks wonderfully for several hours on end. Squire, finally hunted down in a pub, immediately invites Macdonnell to take part in the most remarkable cricket match in English literature. Today, in 1959, Squire's team still holds together, and it was at Rodmell, where the famous game was played, that I last met him, only two years ago, accompanying his team though no longer playing with it.

* * *

Squire's parodies – perhaps most permanent of his writings – are too long for quotation. But I recall the following as one of his wittiest comments:

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
> God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.
> (Pope)
>
> It did not last: the Devil howling *Ho!*
> *Let Einstein be*, restored the *status quo*.
> (J. C. Squire)

* * *

Mrs C. S. Orwin has correctly identified the delicious quotation about fox-hunting which appeared here a fortnight ago. It comes from Anthony Trollope's *Phineas Redux:*

> when Lord Chiltern was Master of the Brake Hunt and there were no foxes in the Duke of Omnium's Trumpeton Wood, Glencora said she would send down a whole lying-in hospital for them, and that there ought to be a Cabinet Minister to look after foxes, to be called The Foxmaster General.

CRITIC

A New Plan for Malta

In this important article the Leader of the Malta Labour Party outlines for the first time his new proposals for the future of the island.

THIS has been the least merry Christmas in Malta since the war. The atmosphere is tense with uncertainty and insecurity. Even the powerful British administrators are unnerved and shaky: outside the gates of the naval dockyard fidgety, steel-helmeted policemen were posted in force on Christmas Eve. In the yard of the Governor's palace the canvas water tanks were filled and the guardians of law and order checked once more the pressure of their water hoses.

This pathetic show of force proved altogether unnecessary. Although the news of the failure of the London talks on a new constitution for Malta was received here with deep regret, it came as a shock to nobody. The result was a foregone conclusion. A deep gulf still separates the Conservative British government from the Maltese leaders. Violence might, of course, focus the attention of the world on our plight and supply posterity with a few more heroes but only a strong determination to resist political bondage and rapid, clear, realistic thinking would ensure our survival.

So far, Malta has thrown up no patriotic terrorist organisation. Indeed the disturbances of the past have all been spontaneous and unorganised. They have been the steam escaping from the safety-valve of the boiling economic and political situation. To shut the valve and jam it tight might for a short time prevent the unsightly and embarrassing diffusion of vapour and deaden the hissing warning of danger but it will certainly bring us nearer to the peril of a sudden explosion.

This is exactly what Mr Lennox-Boyd has been asked to do by his Conservative colleagues. In reply to our request for independence he wrote in his own hand on Sunday, 30 November 1958.

> I am not prepared to start discussions with a fixed date for independence or with a view to fixing a date. I cannot therefore see how we can progress at a further talk unless you are able to tell me that your delegation recognises what I have said as representing the considered view of HMG, and in the full knowledge of this are prepared in good faith to enter into discussions for an interim constitutional agreement. I must also be sure that you understand that such a constitution will make no provision for or indeed reference to any final solution.

When one compares this inane attitude with the urgency shown by the Malta Round Table Conference to find for the people of Malta a permanent constitutional solution to their legitimate aspirations, one wonders no longer at the shinking influence of Britain in the Mediterranean basin. The irony is still more bitter when one remembers that the members of this British all-party conference were only swayed in favour of offering Malta membership of a cherished and exclusive institution – the House of Commons – after listening to an inspiring address by the Colonial Secretary. In the debate on Malta at Westminster in March 1956 Conservative members vied with their Labour opponents in championing the right of the Maltese people to a dignified status of full citizenship and economic betterment.

Four years ago it seemed to us in Malta that fate would eventually spare us the spasms, the upheaval and the turmoil which elsewhere characterised the liberation of colonial peoples. A rude awakening lay in store for us. Gradually but surely our conception of a fraternal association on a basis of equality was debased by scheming British officialdom into the pre-Gaullist pattern of French colonial rule. Three seats in the Mother of Parliaments were ready for the taking but the economic measures necessary to give substance to these shadows were categorically denied us. While politically we were invited to become, for all intents and purposes, an integral part of Britain, economically we were merely to rely on low and unilaterally fixed British subsidies. Our economy, bruised and bleeding from the British shackles of defence and foreign affairs, was condemned by Whitehall to flow in isolation, away from the main stream of Britain's prosperity. A new idea was thus successfully deformed at birth by the backroom boys of the British Treasury.

No wonder, therefore, that integration is stone-dead in Malta and artificially breathing in the dusty files of the Colonial Office. What is indeed surprising is the naiveté of Britain's conservative rulers in believing that a few forced steps backwards into political tutelage would knock some sense into the Maltese people and finally elevate them to the dazzling heights of Whitehall's intricate integration philosophy. Indeed the British government's preliminary view of an interim constitution for Malta amounts to no more than a reimposition of our 1921 diarchical constitution, minus the democratic control of the Maltese people over their police force, their public service and part of their economy. How could an elected Maltese government, shorn of its powers on foreign affairs, defence, the police, the public service, the economy, currency, coinage, civil aviation, and the harbour waters, be held responsible for the welfare of its people?

Why a traditionally brave European community have not yet seriously rebelled against these iniquities is not very hard to understand. Since the very first day of Britain's occupation, over 150 years ago, the British government turned the island into a fortress and the life of the islanders was manipulated and channelled to serve this aim. Today Malta is so dependent on British defence expenditure and on British Exchequer contributions that, were the British forces to leave tomorrow, and no alternative means of livelihood discovered, no more than 60,000 out of a population numbering one third of a million would probably survive.

What, therefore, is Malta to do? To follow the example of Iceland and become the young charge of the signatories of the North Atlantic Treaty would merely ratify a status quo: Nato forces are already here. They are completely and selfishly detached, caring very much if their privileges of duty-free cars, furniture and whisky are threatened and very little if the islanders weep or laugh. Formal ratification would only lead to the unpleasant Russian pressure to which Iceland is being subjected today.

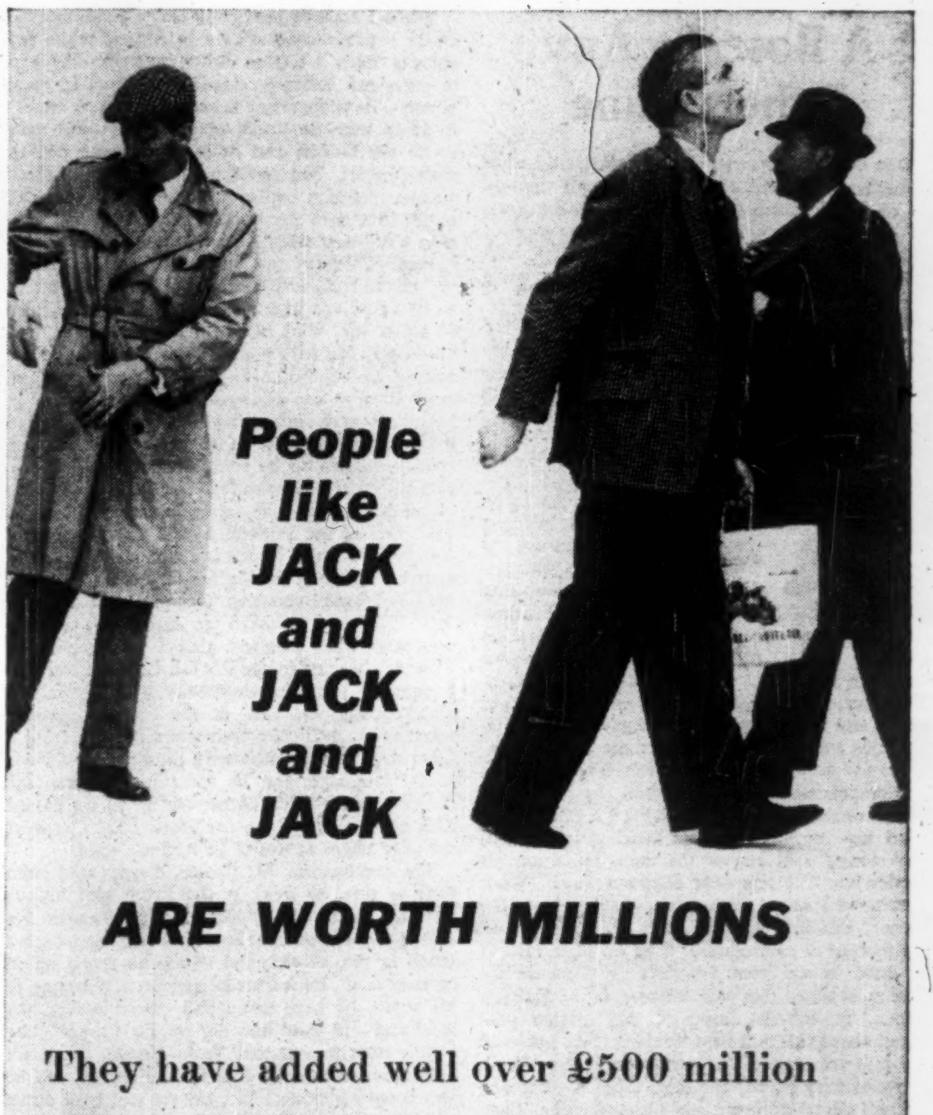
Unification with a neighbouring mainland is impracticable with Italy, as it is with the new Arab States. In the case of the former, differences in temperament, race and language would militate against the experiment; it is even doubtful whether Italy would willingly undertake to underwrite single-handed the cost of Maltese industrial reconstruction when her efforts in a feudal, impoverished, overpopulated Sicily have as yet borne so little fruit. Nasser, who, when I was his guest in January 1956, was big enough to give his blessing to the prospective integration of Malta with Britain, has his hands full of economic problems and his main interest is to make sure that Malta is never again turned into a sword pointing to the heart of his federation.

Deliverance could only come to us in one way: the neutralisation of Malta as a free port with our freedom guaranteed by the Security Council of the United Nations. Fortunately for us a precedent exists – the case of Trieste immediately after the war. We would pledge ourselves never to make any military or other warlike alliance with any bloc or state. We would solemnly undertake to repair the merchant or naval shipping of any nation. As a denuclearised zone with a stable free society we would rapidly develop into a little Switzerland in the heart of the Mediterranean – a haven of peace and rest for weary, disarmed tourists. In trade we would join the Common Market and form similar commercial bonds with our Arab neighbours whose traditional friendship with us is epitomised by the Arab saying: *Malta Hanina* – Malta is kind. We have the skill, the manpower and the social capital on which to build a new Malta, the bridgehead of industry and commerce between the continent of Europe and the Arab nations. Given a stable outlet, American and European capital would flow into our parched land and the harmless industry of the West would serve without strings the rapidly expanding demands of the Arab countries.

To turn this dream into reality, to change Malta from an arsenal of death into an oasis of co-existence, life and prosperity, would entail a capital investment of about £100 million – less than the cost of a modern aircraft carrier. To launch this first Christian experiment, in a greedy materialistic century bent on total destruction, would primarily necessitate the co-operation of the people of Britain who still feel towards Malta the moral obligation of rehabilitating her. They will no longer be asked to incur yearly heavy defence expenditures on offensive weapons which might one day be used against their own security. They have one small price to pay – the forgoing of defence interests on the value of which their high command and ministers stand today divided.

For my part, I feel confident that this new approach will find the support of all forward-looking persons and men of goodwill throughout the world. Speedily and boldly executed, this fresh scheme would constitute the first tangible challenge of the West to the Soviet camp. Towards its realisation, rather than to futile plots of terror and bloodshed, the Malta Labour Party will devote all its energies in the days to come.

Malta DOM MINTOFF



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A Rose By Any Other Name

I WAS born in Hampstead and lived in Canfield Gardens. I can remember my father only vaguely. As he used to climb the stairs he dropped pennies all over the place and seemed upset when I scrambled to pick them up. One of his favourite jokes was about a small man at a party who said: 'Certainly, I am fond of animals. I keep a bee.' He produced plays with music, and I remember one which was apparently about China and Japan. There were naval officers and a song scene with temple bells. I went to see it five times, and for a certain number of years I thought most of the actors came from Hong-Kong – even though I was allowed to go back-stage and see them take off their make-up. My brother who was six years older than myself (and who had already actually played a tiny part in this play, saying 'Give me an orange') did not correct this belief, but kept the mystification growing by suggesting the audience were mostly Chinese, as well. Then, suddenly, my father broke with the East and began to produce plays with men who never took off their hats on the stage and who were always forgiving their sons and daughters. 'America' explained my brother. The house in Canfield Gardens was full of cigar smoke and men called Abe who gave me double-barrelled water pistols and called me 'Sonny'.

On the arrival of the first world war, men in bowler hats and raincoats visited the house and started searching the rooms. 'What are you doing?' cried my mother. 'We are looking for certain documents,' said one of the men, removing his bowler hat. 'We represent Scotland Yard.' 'What documents?' asked my mother. 'Letters from the Kaiser,' said the inspector. 'The Kaiser,' repeated my mother in amazement; 'Why on earth should we have letters from the Kaiser?' 'Because we have ascertained that your husband is the Kaiser's cousin,' replied the inspector. My mother protested about this and kept weeping. 'My husband has just volunteered for service with the British Expeditionary Force,' she said. 'That is what first aroused our suspicions,' said the policeman. They searched the house quite thoroughly and walked off with a copy of Nietzche and a volume by Schopenhauer. We never saw them again.

This visit by the police could be explained by the fact that the family name was von Falkenhausen, with which name I had been born. We possessed a coat of arms and cutlery engraved with coronets, and there was vague talk of enormous castles and of a sinister member of the von Falkenhausen family who was some sort of priest. But my father hardly ever talked about his family, and it was only much later that I heard, in a very roundabout way, that the von Falkenhausens were descended from the Ludwigs of Bavaria.

When I reached the age of seven I was packed off to a preparatory school in Sussex while my parents made a trip to America, where the sort of plays my father produced were then in great vogue. The preparatory school was quite a stately building with the usual playing fields and gave on to the Downs and fields of mustard flecked with poppies. You could smell the sea and there was an incessant trilling of larks and the rasp of rooks. 'Ah,' said the headmaster, a very tall man with a military moustache, 'Anthony von Falkenhausen. Welcome, my little man,' and he patted me on the head and led me into his study, where he lit a pipe and gave me a short talk on the rules of junior life. 'Play fair with life, little man, and it will play fair with you.' Then I was given to the matron and shown a bed in the dormitory and went down to the dining-room for cocoa.

Quite near the school was a barracks for Indian soldiers. I soon learned that numbers were dying rapidly, carried off by some mysterious disease – possibly connected with fresh air from the Downs – and it became quite commonplace to hear the slow coils of the Funeral March unwind from a trumpet with the hopeless throb of a drum. I hadn't been long at the school before some of the boys started shouting 'German spy! German Spy'. The cry was taken up and it was actually suggested, even believed, that I was helping to blow up shipping in the English Channel and that I signalled from the dormitory with a torch to Hun submarines. One of the masters actually asked me to help him translate sentences from a German grammar, although I didn't know a word of the language, and he sometimes greeted me conspiratorially with *'Guten tag'* when we passed each other alone in the corridors. 'The Germans are good chaps at heart,' he told me once.

The headmaster, Mr Carter, disappeared from time to time to fight at the Front and always returned to the school looking very cheerful, his arm in a sling, or hobbling on a stick and with a touch or two of shrapnel which he threw off in no time at all. Each time he appeared, hobbling to his study, he bent down and patted me on the head and said 'And how are we, little man?' The fourth time he returned from France he didn't look quite so well; his face was a bit grey, and he was coughing quite a bit; but he still bent down and patted me on the head. It was some time later that we heard that he had been gassed, and it took him at least a month to recover enough to take his cold baths and lead paper chases on the Downs.

One day I received a letter from my mother telling me that my father had decided to stay in New York where he was having a good success with his plays, that he had again volunteered for the army, had again been searched for letters from the Kaiser, but this time by men in their shirt-sleeves smoking cigars. He had taken out naturalisation papers, which meant that I now had an American father. I told this to some of the boys, but it didn't make very much difference: non-English countries were all much the same – it could just as well have been America which had been gassing our headmaster and filling him with shrapnel. My mother also told me that she intended coming over to England as soon as she could, but that she had been terribly put off by some of my postcards, which depicted a terrible shipwreck and which I had sent during our duty letter-writing days.

One day Mr Carter sent for me to his study and I sat down in the chair on the other side of his desk. He seemed rather embarrassed and was puffing furiously at an old black pipe which he generally only used for the Front.

'How's the little man?' he asked.

'Very well, sir,' I answered.

'I have some news for you,' he said, 'something that may perhaps change the course of your life.'

'Yes, sir?' I said.

'After all, what's in a name, as Shakespeare said. You remember that bit?'

'Yes, sir,' I said.

'Can you name the play?' asked Mr Carter, puffing clouds of smoke.

'*Romeo and Juliet*,' I said.

'Well done, little man,' said the headmaster. 'And now to the subject in hand. We've decided to change *our* name.'

'Our name, sir?' I said. 'Do you mean the school?'

'No,' said Mr Carter, 'your name. It is no longer von Falkenhausen. Not that that isn't a good name, of course, and I'm the last person to dislike the Boches. Between ourselves I really prefer them to the French. But things in the world are a bit strained at the moment. So your name is now going to be Anthony Carson.'

'Yes, sir,' I said.

'You'll soon get used to it,' said the headmaster, digging into his pipe. When I got up to leave, he accompanied me to the door.

'Good-bye, Anthony Carson,' he said, patting my head.

The next day we went for a walk on the Downs, winding up and down the old green shoulders of chalk, the sky pricked with larks. After two hours' walking, we rested by a dew-pond and looked down into the valley, toy-like with miniature trees. While we sat there, an old gentleman approached us, his eyes shining with the rheum of nostalgia, the ache for the days of bare-legged boys and sardines in the dormitory. He stood still, scanning us like a lost tribe, and then his eye fell on me. Moving towards me he patted me on the head and bent down.

'And what's your name, little man?' he asked. I thought for a moment, but not for long.

'Anthony Carson,' I said.

'A fine old English name,' said the elderly gentleman. 'A very fine old English name.'

But as he moved away, I felt suddenly trapped in the complexity of names and identities and shouted out: 'My real name is von Falkenhausen!'

That evening, after prep, I had to write out 500 times: 'My name is Anthony Carson. My name is Anthony Carson. My name is . . .'

ANTHONY CARSON

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Mr Michael Noble, Argyllshire's MP, phones to say that he will be replying to Mr Denis McKay (*Courier*, December 18) after the season of goodwill is over. – *Campbeltown Courier*. (K. M. M.)

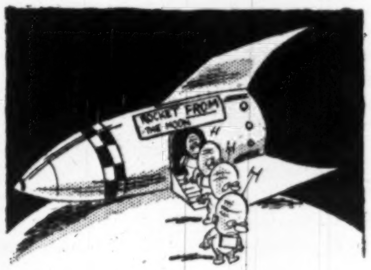
Most diners-out know Lord Mancroft as one of our most witty after-dinner speakers. Now I know why. His mother tells me that when he was a small boy she always made him address the staff – butler, maids, the lot, after any outing such as Wembley or Madame Tussaud's. – *News of the World*. (G. Brook.)

One doctor I know advises parents to make Plasticine models to illustrate their words as they read out one of the very good books on sale on sex instruction for children. – *Sunday Pictorial*. (A. M. Alonso.)

A neurotic man who, during periodic fits of depression, takes his false teeth out and jumps on them, is to get half the cost of a new set from Dorset Health Committee 'on the grounds of hardship'. – *News Chronicle*. (R. H. Webster.)

Here We Were Again

A Forward-looking Retrospect for 1959, with drawings by Vicky.



The toast is 1959,
a vintage year,
Jan. to December,
of heady, sparkling cosmic wine –
intoxicating stuff,
remember?

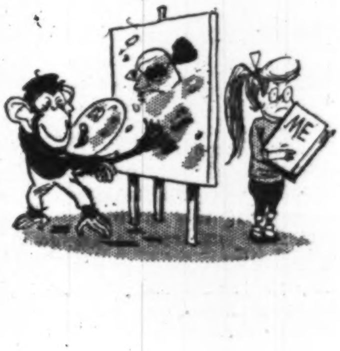
. . . that strange Thinged rocket *from* the moon
which piqued von Braun
and baffled Lovell;
the first life peerage for a Goon,
and that Atomic
Wonder Shovel

for putting coal back down the pits;
Lord Hailsham's shocking
revelation:
'Labour means to nationalise the Ritz
and move it next to
Euston Station'

New highs in all of culture's spheres:
Picasso's portrait
by an ape
fetched Sotheby's biggest price for years;
scent was recorded
on a tape

and revolutionised the old TV
Now cordite, soap and
cat food mingle
with the smell of crumpets during tea
(too late, we mourn
the soft, sweet jingle)

Best-seller of the year was *Me*,
by Shirleen Slobbe,
just turned eleven,
top singing child-bride, highest fee,
a million discs
of 'Married Heaven'

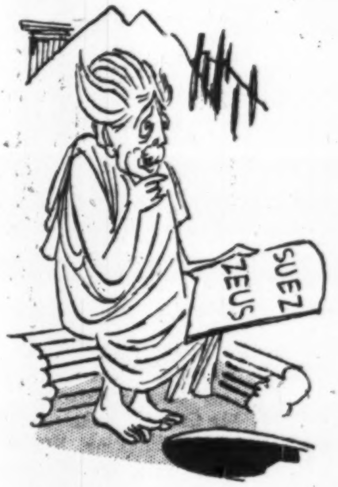


Krushchev launched a peace offensive
and one Old Comrade
into space;
Ike flew southwards, grimly pensive,
but nine good holes
restored his face

Hugh led the Party into battle,
cloth-capped to
the barricade:
George! Lay off that right-wing prattle,
blood *red*, not Brown's
the old flag's shade!

'No crawling for the floating vote,
down with the rich –
we'll soak 'em!
Remember what Keir Hardie wrote?'
. . . then a 'Who Goes Home?'
cry woke him

from his awful nightmare, screaming:
'Oh, chaps, I thought
I had *opposed* –
praise Wykeham, I was only dreaming!'
But undisturbed
the Party dozed.

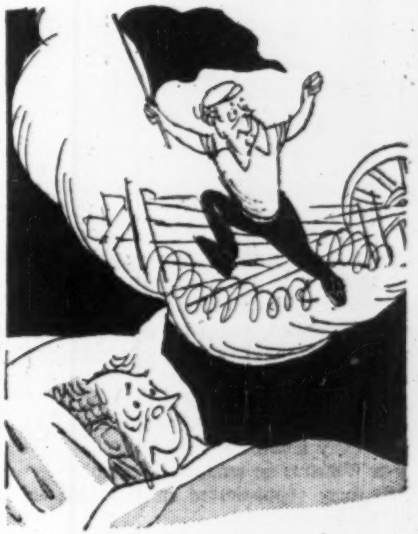


While Mac now ruled by right divine,
since, doodling on
a Bill (Fruit Juice),
he stumbled on the Delphic sign
that Suez in reverse
spells Zeus!

The Ted vogue passed (but not youth crime)
as Tudor Boys in
well-slashed hose
filled ye olde caffs with a slanging rhyme;
the Vic – 'How common!' –
had to close

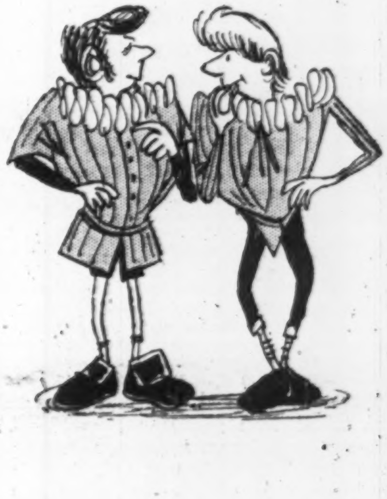
The Z-bomb came, our load to lighten,
'No fall-out or
distorted genes,
Euphoric-fitted, cannot frighten,
within the smaller
country's means'

Things were fine in Glocamorra,
ensconced en bloc
in Camden Town;
and England drew against Andorra
after being five-nil
down



The Brass Hats' Union (Hon. Sec: Speidel)
won their strike
with great eclat –
'Too many in our ranks are idle
because of civvy
coups d'état'

The Anti-Heckling Bill was passed
to guarantee
much freer speech,
while Randolph C. revealed at last
the gen on
Balaclava Beach



What thrills we've had, such bumper fun,
it makes one wonder
what's in store;
a few more years, all said and done,
we'll be in
1984!

Tom Baistow

CHRISTMAS SHOWS

'Cinderella', at the Coliseum

This posh pantomime is extended from a TV production by Rodgers and Hammerstein, names which guarantee pleasant tunes, less ineffably silly lyrics than usual, and a decent layout of the story as such. An art designer, Mr Loudon Sainthill, has been called in to prink it up and a very pretty job he has made of it in a conventional fairy-book style. Its great shortcoming was its almost total inaudibility, but by now I expect the performers have found their way to the battery of microphones which fringe the stage and without which most of them seem completely lost. Mr Tommy Steele will disappoint his admirers if they go to see him do his own particular stuff. For he plays Buttons straight, with a line of light comedy that is engaging but not idiosyncratic. On the other hand, Mr Jimmy Edwards, as the King, is given a quarter of an hour in his own music room and is in fine puffing form. Yana makes a pretty if rather hard Cinderella and Mr Kenneth Williams an amusingly 'camp' ugly sister. The more sophisticated children will enjoy the pantomime most.

T. C. WORSLEY

'King Charming', at the Lyric, Hammersmith

The evening I saw it, the only thing wrong with *King Charming* was the size of the audience. It takes an extraordinarily small gathering to make the Lyric, Hammersmith, seem empty. Yet empty it was, while the great, glossy, inferior West End pantos are as hard to get into as an American musical. Granted, it is an original Victorian pantomime, complete with Harlequinade; so it threatened, in principle, to assume the quaint, condescending air of the usual period resurrections. In practice, however, it was far too lively for that. Granted, too, the Victorian sense of humour was more literary than ours; many of the best jokes come from pressing famous bits of Shakespeare into the style of Thomas Hood. Still, it's hard to be su-superior about:

I could dance like twenty Tagliones.
Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ponies.

And the actors, mercifully, do not try. Instead, they put the thing over with great style and exuberance – of a kind, in fact, not usually seen outside those American musicals. The good are very good and long-suffering, while the bad, so far as acting is concerned, are even better. In particular, Miss Shirley Lee, as Fairy Soussio, is the evil star of the evening; she plots and bristles and shuffles about, lopsided but imperious, with the heroic ugliness of Hermione Gingold turned Valkyrie.

Don Gemmell, the director, and Peter Greenwell, who composed a brilliant musical pastiche accompaniment, have gently sent up Planché's 'magnificent Fairy Extravaganza'. But since it was originally a burlesque, perhaps sending up was the only way of bringing home the jokes. And nobody seemed to mind. The audience, what there was of it, was laughing, not sniggering. The only person who seemed put out was a child who, when an actor, off-stage, announced his approach by calling out 'Rhubarb! Rhubarb!', turned to his mother and hissed impatiently, 'Mummy, who *is* Rhubarb?'

A. ALVAREZ

'Hansel and Gretel,' at Sadler's Wells

It was the 121st performance of this opera at Sadler's Wells. I had not heard it since the days of Rose Morris and Olive Dyer, and found the two children of 1958 rather more grown-up, the orchestra incomparably better than in the olden days, and the music very mixed indeed. There are still magical moments where refinement and the purest simplicity go hand in hand. There are also laborious expanses of make-believe. How charming, for instance, is the prayer in the second act, but how monstrous the fantasy directly afterwards, in the scene of the guardian angels! Hollywood could do just as well.

Not all the singing was good, but Anna Pollak excelled in the part of Hansel and Raimund Herincz made a splendid father. The witch, however, looked rather like a cross between Punch and Anton Bruckner, and behaved so hilariously that the Grimm brothers must have turned in their graves. And is there any reason why she should not *sing* all her notes, whatever colouring she might give them? To speak of happier things: the orchestra played beautifully, as I have said; the angels were most picturesque; and the explosion in Act III will be remembered for years.

WILLIAM GLOCK

'Sleeping Beauty', at the Palladium

At the Palladium they get back to the story – but nothing can disguise the fact that the management feels that in so doing they have landed themselves with a slow moving property and are relying on the better self of the audience to salute the gesture and find consolation in the colour sense of Mr Robert Nesbitt. But the gesture is so perfunctory that the telling of the story is finished by half-time; and as for Mr Nesbitt, he has contrived a decor so much like the interior of a jar of boiled sweets that it bids fair to remove the enamel from your teeth. We are left with three clowns and a baritone.

Of the clowns, Mr Bruce Forsyth (Presto, the jester) is by far the most agreeable. He is an entertainer who offers his accomplishment to the audience, whereas Mr Charlie Drake (the King) practically offers them his destiny. Where Mr Forsyth would be happy to have the sympathy of the audience, Mr Drake absolutely depends upon it and – in his chosen persona, that of a small, balding grotesque regressing to infantilism – wheedles love out of such of the spectators as are prepared to part with it as desperately as a man milking someone else's cow. Mr Bernard Bresslaw (Private Popeye) simply stands about; but though his village idiot impersonation has sick-room overtones, the oddity of it is often engaging. Mr Edmund Hockridge is the baritone (also the principal boy) and sings sternly. But this is a pantomime inert at the centre, and its sparkle is the sparkle of sequins, not the reflection of its own vigour.

ROBERT ROBINSON

'Macbeth', at the Old Vic

Considered as a holiday outing, this *Macbeth* is adequate. Weird sisters round the gibbet, blood-boltered Banquo, lurching Porter at the gate, Birnam Wood popping up from the orchestra pit, waving parodies of Christmas trees, gave good measure of sensation and entertainment – even if the children in the audience weren't always laughing in the intended place. Considered as one in the sequence of Old Vic Shakespeare plays, it disappoints: chiefly because Mr Michael Hordern gives us a Macbeth who seems a weakish man gone wrong rather than a great man making a definite choice of ill. For all his movements, his speeches seemed to come from the head alone; whereas Miss Beatrix Lehmann beside him had but to move her foot impatiently, and you felt evil had taken over her whole self. Again, in her later scenes, we saw the breakdown of a whole personality, not just the nervous reaction to one deed. Pauline Letts made something out of the small part of Lady Macduff, and the children too gave that difficult scene a naturalness that was very moving. But it was Miss Lehmann who gave the production its power.

JANET ADAM SMITH

'Radio Rescue', at the Arts Theatre

If there were such a thing as a Children's Theatre this is the kind of play which would surely be included in its repertoire. Addressed to children from about eight to thirteen it is exciting, hopeful and educative. And if the last word frightens, remember that children enjoy instruction on their own terms – and this play is on their own terms. Broadcasting on a home-made transmitter, cooking a Rainbow Trout in a deserted mill, making false footprints in flour – children enjoy learning from demonstrations like these. The story concerns an orphaned brother and sister, played with great sincerity by Richard Palmer and Carol Wolveridge, in a Home in Pennsylvania. The brother is radio crazy. His sister is game for anything. They work for two years making a transmitter, they buy a second-hand receiver and then begin to receive short-wave messages when they are caught by the Directress of the Home and told that they must destroy their sets. They run away and a chase begins. In the end, of course, they become heroes: heroes of a rescue operation. I was a little sorry that the author, Charlotte Chorpenning, did not, after the excellent first act, use more radio voices talking across mountains and states. But the play, as Sparky the brother says about other things, is 'keen' and most of what is put on for children at this time of year is blunt and blunting.

JOHN BERGER

'The Silver King', at the Players' Theatre

After the glitter, the splendour and the vulgarity of many Christmas entertainments, the Players' Theatre's excellent production, *The Silver King*, by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman, adapted by the producer Mr Maurice Browning, comes as a welcome relief. *The Silver King* is a classic example of Victorian melodrama. The plot, tragic, absurd and yet almost always credible, unravels at a penny pier machine pace, turning laughter to tears and tears to laughter with an alarming frequency.

The audience, in the Players' grand tradition, responds to every action, every entrance, every exit with the appropriate cry. Now a deep-throated 'boo', now a sympathetic sigh, and often with a venomous hiss. Such audience participation is undoubtedly important to this melodrama, for it would, I am sure, appear to the average theatregoer, sitting in stony silence waiting to be entertained, as absolute rubbish.

Not that *The Silver King* is entirely without merit. It has genuine 'theatre' moments. And the audience is as prepared to be silent as it is to be noisy. As when, for instance, the hero, thinking himself a murderer, stands alone on the stage and speaks that famous line 'Oh God put back Thy Universe and give me yesterday'. Such moments as these could easily be lost. Here they are not. The entire cast, under the direction of Mr Maurice Browning, play admirably, making it impossible to mention individually any member of the company.

J. A. LUSCOMBE

'A Christmas Carol', at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E15

With her usual imaginative resourcefulness, but without any major departure from the original, Miss Joan Littlewood has adapted and amplified the familiar Dickens tale so that it hits us freshly between the tear-ducts. Scrooge is played rather more tenderly and wistfully than usual by Howard Goorney: the Spirit of Christmas Present conducts him on a somewhat expressionist visit to a coal-mine. There is an admirably unselfconscious Tiny Tim. For the most part, this Theatre Workshop show is a light musical frolic; at one point, for some reason, a reel is danced by some rather lumpy girls wearing the kilt.

TOM DRIBERG

Russian Art at the Academy

THE Russian exhibition at Burlington House is now open. I suggest the visitor begins at the end: begins, that is to say, with the post-war works, goes back through the Revolutionary period to the nineteenth century, passes through the small eighteenth-century section and ends with the ikons which range from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. In this way he will walk deeper and deeper into the problem of Russian art: a problem which doesn't worry the Russians themselves, but which exists for us if we want to look at Russian painting objectively. The first thing that will strike the objective visitor is the continuity of Russian art. Admittedly there is the dramatic stylistic break, at the time of Peter the Great, between religious painting whose form was still medieval and modern secular painting. Yet even here the spirit that distinguishes Russian ikon painting from the rest of Byzantine art is in a way very similar to what distinguishes later Russian painting from that of the rest of Europe. Both, at their most typical, reiterate an unusual contrast between the severe and the tender. In the ikons the design is always severely hieratic, but the gestures of a madonna or saint are nearly always exceedingly intimate and gentle. Later, the scale of the landscape, the immense sense of history and suffering, the vista of national aspirations, or, in portraits, the concern with the ultimate destiny of the sitter as opposed to his trappings – these supply the severity; and against this, like a light in a small habitation on a vast plain, is put the intimately revealing detail – the frail skin stretched over Dostoevsky's temples, the boy's small hands struggling with the heavy pail in Plastov's *Collective Farm Threshing*. Energy in Russian themes always comes like the wind from the far horizon; the individual is never a province to himself.

From the time of Pushkin and the Napoleonic War, when modern Russia gained cultural self-awareness, the continuity of their art is even more specific and striking. Long before the Revolution the majority of painters had conscious political and ideological aims – Fedotov, Perov, Ivanov, Surikov, Repin. Long before the revolution the greatness of a painting was thought to be closely connected with the greatness of its theme. And – most important of all for its consequences today – long before the Revolution the style and the teaching examples of realist painting were firmly established.

A Russian, I believe, would have looked at Repin's *Volga Boatmen* in 1872 in very much the same way as his grandson might look at *The Last Days of Hitler* today. Conditions and concepts may have changed, but the nature of the 'dialogue' between the work and the spectator has remained the same, and this dialogue is made up of a string of associations. The painting is a starting point for remembering and clarifying experiences suggested by it, but not embodied in it. Because of this, critics here often call such paintings 'Victorian'. Yet this is inaccurate. The way of painting may be similar, but the themes, the mood, the effect and the intentions are very, very different. Unrequited Love or the Dog waiting to hear his Master's Voice cannot historically be equated with *Off to Join Budenny's Division*. Moreover, the intention to make such

"John Ford . . . comes with a robust version . . . of Edwin O'Connor's novel 'The Last Hurrah'. . . . Spencer Tracy draws a portrait beautifully compounded of benefactor and buccaneer; a jostling group of the best supporting players the American cinema has ever had, from James Gleason to John Carradine. I could have cheered too."
Dilys Powell, *Sunday Times.*

"Mr. Ford starts off at a cracking pace and Mr. Tracy makes the most of some exceptionally intelligent dialogue."
The Times.

". . . director John Ford waited a year to get Tracy for the part of an old-fashioned Irish-American politician in 'The Last Hurrah'. . . . The wait was well worth while. . . . I recommend 'The Last Hurrah' on the strength of Spencer Tracy."
John Waterman, *Evening Standard.*

"*Grand Old Man of the films Spencer Tracy turns in his grandest and longest performance in 'The Last Hurrah'. . . . An enormous cast bring this yarn to life. . . . Tracy dominates the show. His performance is hypnotic. Everything he does is worth watching . . . you will enjoy its rich, racy characters, they have a wisdom, a charm, a blarney hard to resist.*"
Ernest Betts, *The People*

". . . made by one of the greatest of the film makers, John Ford, who has not only lavished skill and care upon it but in turn has included a large number of his favourite players. . . . It is on Tracy's strong frame that the picture rests but I remember with pleasure the excellent support of Edward Brophy as Ditto, the kind, simple henchman who follows his master with dog-like devotion."
Ivon Adams, *Star.*

Spencer Tracy voted Best Actor—John Ford Best Director for their work in 'The Last Hurrah'—
America's National Board of Review of Motion Pictures.

HURRAH
HURRAH
HURRAH
HURRAH

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". . . I recommend Spencer Tracy's performance in 'The Last Hurrah' as a lesson in screen acting."
Peter Brinson, *Financial Times.*

"John Ford is an old master. . . . In 'The Last Hurrah' he has turned his mastery and his affection on his nearer kin, the Irish-Americans, and has come up with a large and succulent role for Spencer Tracy, a most impressive feat of direction. . . . His Mayor Frank Skeffington is life size."
Manchester Guardian.

". . . tailored for those who . . . welcome an emotional jolt from the expert elbow of that master-actor Spencer Tracy. . . . Tracy shows up a rollicking sport of kings, crooks and rascals, and manages to extract entertainment and a combination of tears and laughter."
Leonard Mosley, *Daily Express.*

"Tracy gives a tremendous performance. . . . Excellent support from a grand bunch of old-timers."
John Gay, *Empire News.*

"Tracy, eyes twinkling as he rides a cloud of ballyhoo, is very good indeed, and there are some class performances from Basil Rathbone, Edward Brophy and John Carradine."
Daily Herald.

"Tracy . . . must have enjoyed 'The Last Hurrah' for it shows the old trouper in top form . . . with Tracy's fine show and John Ford's masterly direction I found it surprisingly compelling . . . you can always expect Ford to look after the colourful 'old reliables' and he does them (and us) proud."
Jympson Harman, *Evening News.*

a dialogue possible, although quite alien to painters like Cézanne or Picasso, was anyway the concious intention of such un-Victorian painters as Van Eyck or Chardin.

The corollary of the continuity of Russian art is something that this exhibition cannot in itself show. For that one must talk to Russians or go there. Russian painting is 'built in' to Russian life to a remarkable degree. Millions of Russians enjoy these paintings and are inspired by them. When they talk about them they automatically bring in Russian history, the other arts, their social aims, the last war, the Russian landscape. Everything is inter-related in these paintings – and there is surely no need for me to re-emphasise that here the opposite is true. Consequently I can see no logic in Western critics becoming as indignant as they do over the fact that the Russians demand from art something different from us. Their art serves them well and ours certainly couldn't. (It is also sometimes more tolerantly but rather patronisingly argued that Russian art is like it is because they are undergoing the whole process of industrialisation which we of course went through a century ago! The trouble with this argument is that it implies that we have now solved the problems of a democratic culture – impossible without industrialisation – and so should patiently wait for them to catch us up. Yet have we solved anything?)

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The second thing that will strike the objective visitor is that after the ikons, which are magnificent, most of the paintings are inadequately painted. Men like Levitan and Serov and Repin were clearly very talented. And there are some striking canvases – the Perov Dostoevsky portrait, like a man waiting in a court room, the Argunov portrait of a peasant (1784) strong as a nurse, the Bryullov portrait of an unsettled romantic writer – each shows a most subtle and sympathetic understanding of temperament. But nowhere is there a canvas which discloses any true visual discovery about its subject. Almost everywhere appearances are accepted without questioning – which finally means without being understood. Whenever there is a difficult passage of drawing the solution is fudged because no one has been taught to *think* visually rather than copy.

This has nothing to do with the political preoccupations of many of the painters; modern Mexican painting proves that. It has, however, something to do with the uncritical admiration heaped upon certain nineteenth-century masters – particularly Ivanov, Surikov and Kramskoy. Each of these had the noblest aims and each pursued his art with an impersonal devotion unique in Europe at that time of 'individuality'. But none of them searched as painters with their eyes. Kramskoy copied the camera. Surikov sought for national types like a theatre producer of genius. Ivanov pursued a popular ideal with the modesty of a saint; yet in art modesty is not enough.

And indeed the lack of visual curiosity or research in Russian painting is, I think, connected with a kind of modesty or limitation of consciousness in this respect. Most of these works are appreciated and have been created on the assumption that really important truths can *never* be made visible to the naked eye; they can only be 'felt' through the kind of 'dialogue' already mentioned. And naturally if you believe this, you may as well accept superficial appearances because no one, except a formalist, is going to argue for research or distortion unless their purpose is to make important truths visible. Or, to come at it another way, Repin wrote about Russian heroism that 'it merges completely with its idea'. And in the visual arts the idea for Russians is always *behind* the painting. The shapes and colours are like sounds made only for the sake of the echo they produce.

There are, of course, complex historical explanations for all this which take into account the following very crude generalisations. The two periods in European art when appearances have been most revealingly questioned are the Renaissance, and the second half of the last century. The Russians experienced neither of these directly. Their medieval art lasted until the Renaissance was over. In the second half of the last century they withdrew into themselves. The time when they were closest to the European tradition was in the eighteenth century and this predominantly was not a century of questioning but of ordering. Also, and perhaps most important of all, there was Peter the Great's dramatic and imposed break. In the visual arts this destroyed a national style (as opposed to spirit) – a little as Puritanism did in this country; and a new one has not yet been established.

Yet whatever the historical explanations, as soon as one asks · How can Russian art develop in the future? the answer can only be: By becoming visually more inquisitive and curious. Then its works will become consistent with its aims. Superficial appearances when naturalistically painted are inevitably static. Yet no art in the world has been, and is, more concerned with change than Russian art; change is its very theme.

As I have tried very briefly to show, this exhibition raises the most complicated and challenging questions. Lessons might be learnt all round. The Russians might reconsider Cubism and look at the one true socialist painter of genius who has so far lived – Léger. We might try to make the effort of imagination to realise how humanly enriching even a naturalist tradition of art can be if integrated with the life of the people. Yet it looks as if we shan't. Our critics complain about the walls on which the paintings are hung!

JOHN BERGER

Films in 1958

GOOD and bad years, for the filmgoer, are strangely fortuitous and if the twelvemonth just ended seems rich in pleasure and talent, that has very little to do with the actual state of the cinema. Film-making in general might be losing courage and slipping further into betrayal; but we were held by *Aparajito*. The superscreen, the giant triptych, the total surround might everywhere seek to deluge the senses in banality, while Poland found a new urgency – the Poland of five and more years ago. In a sense our satisfactions were illusory, since they represented impulses already spent and phases past. A cinema truly alive would be abreast and ahead of its time, not (as it is) nine-tenths preoccupied with old fashions and with discovering retrograde tendencies. It would be formative, disturbing, with an influence the theatre and journalism couldn't touch. When shall we ever know this – we especially under the Rank dynasty, with no more thought of leadership than Tuck's picture postcards? So delight and inspiration must be sought wherever they may be found; and in 1958 we struck, on the whole, lucky.

In the first place it was Ingmar Bergman's year. With three films he made a dent on the sensibilities that, like it or not, will not be erased. I don't know that personally I should apply the word 'liking' to *The Seventh Seal*, the first and the most battering of these films; it is a powerful morality, in which the Scandinavian love of doom evokes dark and bright visions from a time when God's influence in human affairs seemed paramount, lacking only the final revelation. Bergman's gentle crusader seeks this assurance; plays at chess with Death on the sea-shore; encounters love, anguish, hideous depravity, in a tormented world. Perhaps the hell-on-earth too much preoccupies Bergman; but he releases images potent as his thought, and we come away dazed and sated, if not satisfied. *Wild Strawberries* chisels its way into an old man's memories and fear of death, again in images that pursue us like the Hound of Heaven; and his employment of dreams interweaving with reality is startling. The black-and-white image, precise, yet conveying so much more, is his obsession. He can, in the intrinsic terms of cinema, use a literal lens to trap Life with a capital L. This capability is found also in *Summer with Monika*, a film six years old and with a script not his. We shall be seeing a lot more of Bergman, old and new.

Next, in impact at any rate, come the two films of Andrej Wajda, *A Generation* and *Kanal*. Their torment is of the recent past, and the way out is through Communism and patriotism, equivocally balanced. What both these films do is to tear to the heart of social conflict and illumine with a vital spark one of the darkest corners of post-war

Europe, Poland. Other films from Poland, including documentaries, have impressed with the same ruthlessness and self-criticism, and we await a similar revelation from Hungary.

My own particular liking would go to Satyajit Ray's *Aparajito,* sequel to *Pather Panchali,* still fresh in the memory from a few months earlier. These humane and beautiful films, sparked off by a contact with Renoir and no doubt with the documentaries of Flaherty, resolve so gently the problems of fact-finding and poetry, acting and naturalism, story and life, that one wonders why many more such pieces – in the most natural way of film-making – are not made. For them would be needed love, skill and singleness of purpose; and thank heaven these qualities can make their way from Bengal.

Then, with a slight drop, I remember *Cabiria,* the most baroque film that has come from Federico Fellini, with his wife Giulietta Masina as a Chaplin tomboy among the Roman tarts. Here a neo-realism of waste-lands outside the city and precarious livelihoods mingles with first-rate comedy, all the fresher for being, you might say, with knobs on. Neo-realism itself seems, with the war years ever receding, to have slipped away; or, rather, no evidences of it have come here, not quite the same thing.

Throne of Blood – Akira Kurosawa's *Macbeth* – also disappointed by reducing tragedy to Japanese blood and thunder. But what blood, what thunder, with the cornered thane pinned to a wall by arrows like an enraged Sebastian! The rest of the film played subtly with a melancholy of landscape and the barbarity of warring chieftains, but lacked what makes his other films vibrate: individual drama. The best Japanese film (following last year's festival, which has yet to unload its gifts) was Mizoguchi's *Street of Shame,* a strict investigation into the domesticities of the brothel. Its success (it ran six months) was as surprising as the appearance out of the blue of our first Finnish film, Edvin Laine's *The Unknown Soldier,* a tough yet sympathetic panorama of the to-and-fro of battle over the snows. It showed up our own war films for what they were – mock manœuvres – and American war films, too, with the exception of *Paths of Glory,* which had the rare merit of combining muck-raking and pacifism in a convincing way.

What other films came to stay? There was the Mexican *Torero,* a close-up report on a bullfighter's day; and the first fruits of a new attitude in Russia: Mikhail Kalatozov's *The Cranes Are Flying*. Its lure and energy betrayed a distinct corruption from the West, and left the onlooker doubtful perhaps of a new spirit but not of entertainment values. In Tatiana Samoilova we had our first sight of a Soviet star for a long, long while, and an eyeful she was.

That makes, I think, 14 films that can be and will be seen again; with poor Britain, I'm afraid, nowhere. American films would loom large in the second rank, but the most powerful hope of the year before, from independent production and Hollywood neo-realism, seems to have lost its push and got swallowed up by the machine. The biggest let-down of the year was Chayevsky's *The Goddess,* his first essay in pure film, overstudied in a literary way.

Judged by the clutch of films mentioned, a good year. And at the last minute came Chaplin with *The Great Dictator,* to revive his reputation and reaffirm our values. May we hope this year for successes more up-to-the-minute and nearer home?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

(Next week T. C. Worsley will look back over the theatre in 1958.)

Anything You Can Do . . .

IN its attempts to meet commercial competition, the BBC is sometimes like the famous oarsman for whom Ouida is (perhaps unjustly) blamed. 'All rowed fast but none so fast as stroke'.

None the less, these rather self-consciously frantic, or condescending, attempts are quite often successful. The BBC *can* do better than ITV even in those sorts of entertainment which would seem ITV naturals. (Whether *Dig This!* will beat, or rather outbeat, *Oh Boy!,* of which I wrote recently, we shall see this Saturday.) The BBC's recent serial thriller, *Solo for Canary,* surpassed, in tautness and ingenuity of production and depth of characterisation, any comparable ITV series that I recall. Similarly, millions of viewers are now enthralled, every Monday evening, by the new Quatermass serial, *Quatermass and the Pit,* which is produced with superb documentary realism and has respectable ideological overtones. (There is a conflict between Professor Q. and the brass-hat who is elbowing him out of the Ministry's rocket group because he objects to the abuse of his space experiments for the purposes of a 'dead man's deterrent'.)

Watching the first two instalments of this, I thought how differently it would have been done on ITV. There we should have been bludgeoned into quivering horror from the first minute. *Q.*'s author and producer are economical in their use of all-out, spine-tingling thrills; they build up the suspense and the mystery gradually (and therefore achieve greater credibility). Only right at the end of the second instalment, when the prehistoric container was being explored and we had heard and (with, apparently, Q.) rejected the neighbours' fancy talk of ghostly sounds near the Knightsbridge site where the container lay, were we allowed a sudden close-up glimpse of a Bomb Disposal man gibbering: 'It was a kind o' figger – *it went through the wall*'.

Partly the difference is simply between *serial* and *series*. The latter is preferred by ITV. Each episode, each cardboard sleuth's 'case', has to be tied up slickly in about 25 minutes. there is no time for subtlety, this is the TV equivalent of the goriest paperbacks. A serial like *Q.* or *Canary* or the well remembered *Trollenberg Terror* (which advertisers might be expected to prefer, since it certainly holds its audience from week to week) is more like a good Christie or even a Poe or Collins.

It is the more surprising, therefore, that, on such a 'naturally' BBC subject as books, the BBC should have allowed ITV to get away unchallenged with its creditable feature, *The Book Man,* which started in the Midlands but can now be seen in London also, alternating with *Free Speech* on Sunday afternoon. Oddly enough, Simon Kester is more fluent compering this than he sometimes is in *This Is Your Verdict*. Last Sunday's edition included a discussion of John Berger's novel, *A Painter of Our Time,* in which Alan Pryce-Jones (no Marxist) quizzed the author sympathetically and was more just and more generous to the book than some lesser critics have been.

Why on earth was the Secretary of State for War allowed, or invited, to introduce ITV's *Christmas in Cyprus* programme? He is not merely the chap who gives the troops leaky tents: he is a political figure, a member of the Government that made the mess for the troops to clear up. This was a disgraceful intrusion of Tory propaganda into Christmas afternoon TV; and I am sorry that the necessity of censuring it leaves me no room to comment on the programme itself.

TOM DRIBERG

Where do we go in 1959?

This remarkable series of articles in the *News Chronicle* is well worth your study. The authors, all eminent in their particular spheres, will say what they consider are going to be the big issues of 1959 and suggest how these issues may be resolved.

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Correspondence

CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS

Sir,—Only the brave—or the foolhardy—generalise in matters of medicine. The effect on a child of a period in hospital has been somewhat imperfectly studied as yet and it is unfortunate that some premature conclusions have been drawn with too much emphasis. That some children suffer serious emotional upsets is true but it remains to be proved whether those upsets are permanently damaging, what relation they have to the child's previous home background and whether they are produced by separation from the parents, by the terrifying experience of grave illness or operation, or by clumsy management in the hospital.

All that can be said with certainty at the moment may be summed up as follows. The admission of any child to hospital *may* be followed by a more or less prolonged emotional upset. This risk is much less as the child grows older and it is also less in the child who is previously well-adjusted and comes from a stable home. Particularly in young children the risk is greater if the treatment in hospital subjects the child to painful or frightening procedures. With respect to Mr Rudd, the risk is still present in long-stay hospitals, though the consequences may be somewhat different in nature. (The differences may, in part at least, be due to the facts that children in long-stay hospitals are usually older and that they are usually not gravely ill for any substantial part of their stay.) Occasionally it may be desirable and rarely it may be necessary, in the child's own interests, to separate him from his parents while in hospital. With younger children, however, there is no doubt that regular and frequent visiting by the parents and other members of the family substantially reduces the risk of emotional upset.

To send any child to a hospital more than, say, a couple of hours' journey from his home, so that regular visiting is impracticable, is to take a substantial risk which must be weighed in the balance against the special skill and facilities which may be available at such a hospital. What Mr Rudd and others seem to overlook is that since the coming of the NHS the standard of specialist skill available in some of the smaller hospitals has substantially increased and that many seriously ill children can be, and are being, admirably cared for in small pædiatric units in local hospitals. The need for specialist children's hospitals in London and the main regional centres still exists, but is diminishing and the need for very large hospitals for children in not-very-accessible places is quickly disappearing with the circumstances which called those hospitals into being in the first place.

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It would be unrealistic to overlook one other factor—that since the coming of the NHS there has been a considerable increase in the number of specialist pædiatricians while concurrent advances in medicine and surgery have materially reduced the seriousness of many common diseases of children. If too many pædiatricians are chasing too few patients there is an inevitable tendency for rationalisation to oust reasoning. Doctors, like other workers, need their daily bread and can be forgiven for wanting a little butter on it, but that does not justify a refusal to face facts. Pædiatrics will not die as a branch of medicine in the immediately foreseeable future, but it may have to be reorganised; and there is a strong case for taking pædiatrics to the places where it is needed rather than bringing the children to the place where the pædiatricians are gathered together.

John D. Kershaw

Public Health Department
Colchester

FILM CENSORSHIP

Sir,—In defending General Speidel against the accusations made in the censored film, *Operation Teutonic Sword*, Mr A. D. Dodds-Parker, MP, ought to have produced some evidence. He admits he has not seen the film, but claims that a synopsis contains correspondence between the then Captain Speidel and Göring, which he says 'is not just dishonest but almost certainly deliberate forgery'.

The makers of the film produce copious evidence to support their conclusions that Speidel not only did evil things with conventional weapons, but ought not to be trusted with nuclear ones as he now is in Nato. But Mr Dodds-Parker produces no evidence to substantiate his accusations of dishonesty and forgery.

Mr Dodds-Parker says that Speidel's anti-Nazi record is good. *Operation Teutonic Sword*, for instance, not only produces evidence implying that Speidel told the Gestapo about his colleagues in the anti-Hitler bomb plot of 1944, but also worked out the orders and decrees by which occupied France was governed; the film gives extracts from one of Speidel's reports (28 February 1942), listing the numbers of 'Jews and Communists' shot or deported as retaliation against pro-Allied activities. To counter this Mr Dodds-Parker makes the laughable statement that the anti-Nazi and anti-German French have welcomed Speidel in Nato.

But I must end by thanking General Speidel's latest advocate: by using arguments about the political content of *Operation Teutonic Sword*, whose censorship he upholds, he has demonstrated what many of us in the film industry have long maintained—that political censorship of films, which is always denied in the name of democracy, is supported by some of our legislators.

Christopher Brunel

76 Addison Road, W14

NEWINGTON LODGE

Sir,—It may be useful to point out that 'by far the greater number' of homeless families become so through reasons beyond their control—rather than through failure to pay rent, bad behaviour or improvidence—and would be able to find and retain accommodation of their own but for the housing shortage. This was one of the findings of a working-party set up last March by 47 national social-service organisations which have urged upon the government the need for an inter-departmental inquiry and for further research.

In face of this important finding why do we still hear, whenever homeless people are mentioned, the ancient parrot-cry of 'feckless'? Partly, I think, because local authorities tend to draw attention to the problem families in their care, however small their numbers; and partly because normal families, when split up and in constant terror of losing their children, often deteriorate very quickly—becoming, superficially, indistinguishable from problem families. But there is a third and even more significant reason. Under our curious system of values, people who have to apply for welfare accommodation are automatically presumed to be disreputable, whereas those who can afford to take refuge in a hotel are not.

To appreciate the unfairness of this one has only to look at some of the causes of homelessness. These include eviction on the death of a parent or on the birth of a baby; the transference of labour or the loss of a service tenancy through illness. And only last week I met the widow of a soldier, killed in Cyprus, who has been living with her children for the past ten months in one of the institutions I described.

What tends to be forgotten in criticising the parents of homeless families is the suffering of the children. No one, I think, could seriously defend a system which first deprives a child of its father and then, if no accommodation can be found, of its mother also. Another of your correspondents, Miss Russell, asks for constructive proposals. There is only one which makes any sense, and that is that homeless families should be rehoused where necessary through 'half-way houses'. Miss Russell need not fear that this would involve the spending of more public money. In a report published in 1955 by the Ministry of Housing it was stated that the cost of providing housing accommodation is much less than the expense incurred in keeping families in Part 3 accommodation or children in children's homes; and that 'quite apart from humanitarian considerations, we believe that our recommendations for keeping families together as a unit will result in financial savings to the community, both immediate and long-term'.

We need to know why these recommendations to local authorities have been disregarded.

Audrey Harvey

Hampstead

Sir,—Kathleen Hingeley's remark that 'certain families were so well suited that they made no attempt to find a home themselves', does not necessarily indicate a sinful state of mind. Some people need to live in a community whether that community is represented by kibbutzim, feudal villages, monastic foundations, komsomols or old-fashioned warm and friendly slums. Every reception centre or place of alternative accommodation should afford a choice of permanent community living. The people who have the patience to run large local authority homes or the new boarding schools for retarded boys and girls, would be quite capable of running such communities. Large old houses, going for a song in town and country, are waiting for it. It surely is not beyond the wit of man to devise a worthy receptacle with which to catch those who seem to fall out of the individualistic basket of the modern council house estate.

H. C. Alexander

St Francis Vicarage
Salisbury

THE CHALLENGE OF CHINA

Sir,—Kingsley Martin's interesting article 'The Challenge of China' seems to call for further discussion, though it is difficult to comment on statements unsupported by authorities or references. I entirely agree on the necessity of supporting Asian Socialism, and that fanaticism is regrettable anywhere.

But what we have in mind seems to be rather different. When Mr Martin speaks of intellectuals he seems to be thinking of a dozen or so politicians formerly in the academic world, and a few individual cases of writers or sociologists. When I speak of intellectuals I mean the hundreds of thousands of scientists, doctors, humanistic scholars, engineers and writers up and down the country, who are actively and enthusiastically co-operating to bring about a Socialist and more or less classless society very like that which has been for decades the ideal of the New Statesman. Contrary to the implications of Mr Martin's article last week, I am not personally acquainted with leading intellectuals who have been in disagreement with the general policy, with the exceptions stated in my last letter.

Again, our interpretations of concepts such as 'uniformity' seem to be at cross purposes. Mr Martin is apparently haunted by some nightmare conception of male and female prison-barracks inhabited by robots with identical responses. I believe this to be quite illusory, corresponding to nothing in my experience of modern Chinese working-class housing, or of the working people themselves. What I can see happening is more like this; when people accustomed to eating meat once a year find themselves able to have it once a week, it is not surprising that they all react in the same way. When people who for generations have hauled barrows groaning over mountain ways or tracked junks upstream against the Yangtze's current see for the first time engines coming to their rescue, their reactions tend to be uniform. When scientists who formerly had to waste their best years in empty laboratories feel the support of big financial backing and popular encouragement, their new inspiration takes almost identical shape. These are the deepest 'uniformities' that I can see in China today.

At the same time it is quite true that the Chinese have adopted whole-heartedly a particular political philosophy, and there is undoubtedly a great deal of social influence on individuals to accept it, but the point is that there is much latitude in interpretation. The learned and technical journals, for example, are full of lively controversial articles. Wall newspapers give every opportunity for the expression of criticism on the part of the rank and file in all institutions. Moreover extreme care is taken to foster all kinds of new ideas arising among the mass of the people, and to encourage originality. It was very moving to see in Chinese cities last July the processions and rejoicings in honour of the local inventors and innovators. 'Kan hsiang, kan shuo, kantso!' (Dare to think, dare to speak, dare to act!) was the watchword painted on every city and temple wall in China last summer – this does not seem to me a slogan which a dictatorial authoritarianism would be likely to propagate.

Joseph Needham

Cambridge

THE EDUCATED INDIAN

Sir, – In his article 'The Challenge of China', Mr Martin has made references about the role of educated people in the Indian industrial revolution. He has criticised the excessive individualism of this class.

Is this class really as individualist as Mr Martin thinks? The extent to which the Indian family controls its educated member is hard to believe. Any dynamism as an intellectual that he may have is subject to the requirements of the family. The mad rush of the educated Indian youth for jobs in the civil services is only one example of this. The corruption and nepotism in the civil services have a basis in the structure of Indian family. Despite all the talk of a Socialist pattern of society, Mr Nehru and his party have done very little in the way of social change. The industrialisation and agricultural progress in India is the responsibility of bureaucracy and it is one of the complaints of our leaders that public co-operation has not been coming in full measure.

Educated Indian

New Delhi

RED JAZZ

Sir, – I think Francis Newton exaggerates when he says of New Orleans jazz, blues and folksong that 'the pioneers and champions of this music since the Thirties have so often been associated with the Communists . . .' I don't know how often *so* often is, but I think that in the US only folksong was identified with the Communists, and we may be exaggerating even that connection at this distance in time. As for jazz I can think of only a few leading musicians who were 'associated' with the Communists by playing regularly under their open or concealed sponsorship, and even fewer who were 'associated' with them ideologically or politically. Among the 'champions' of jazz there were proportionately more who were close to or in the CP but they came rather late and never constituted more than a small part of the jazz writers, promoters and followers. This jazz community was probably politically leftish but I doubt that its members were more so than any urban, relatively well-educated middle-class people who knew nothing of jazz. In the late Thirties, after others had rediscovered New Orleans jazz and the swing craze had made many Negro musicians popular, the Communists took up jazz as an example of the 'people's' culture (not 'the *workers*', for this was in the heyday of the popular front), and sought, I think, to attract Negroes especially by sponsoring it. I don't think this effort brought many Negroes to the Communist-run parties, concerts and summer camps because by that time most of them were beyond Dixieland, themselves conquered by advertising, ballyhoo and commercialism. Dixieland, meanwhile, became chiefly the preserve of a sophisticated white middle class.

Monroe Berger

24 Wellington Court, NW8

JOHN BERGER'S BLACK AND WHITE

Sir, – Mr Crabbe's criticism of John Berger in his letter published in your issue of 20 December seems to fall wide of the mark. He fails to disentangle Mr Berger's artistic theories from his Marxism. Surely the two are independent of each other. For we can accept the theories, while rejecting the Marxism. Mr Berger's endorsement of the views of a non-Marxist critic seems to confirm that this is so. If it is, Mr Crabbe's attack on the Marxism cannot affect the validity of the theories.

What Mr Berger is saying, it seems to me, is not that all art leads to Moscow, but that all serious art must have a human goal; even if the goal be Rome rather than Moscow. His 'odd alliance', as Mr Crabbe puts it, is with all those who believe that the deepest levels of emotional response to human experience, as manifested in art, cannot ultimately be dissociated from human values, whether political, moral or religious. For him, unlike Mr Crabbe, the 'pattern-making' of a Mozart symphony has more than formal significance. Indeed, it is precisely the human feelings informing the pattern-making that appeal to the concert-audience, rather than the pattern-making itself. The symphony may reflect exuberance or melancholy; what is more, it may reflect love or hatred for humanity, for the composer's fellow-countrymen, for God – feelings that have direct consequences outside the sphere of art. This intimate connection between serious art and life belies the belief that æsthetic values necessarily exist in a universe of their own.

The essence of Mr Berger's position seems to be an attack, on remarkably traditional lines, on the sterile æstheticism so prevalent today. It is a pity that his Marxism lays him open to the charge of being associated with the shabbiness of Socialist Realism', for I am convinced that he has something to say that we cannot afford to neglect – that if all art rejects its human commitments in favour of perpetual formal experimentation it is neglecting a basic responsibility to mankind.

Eric Cahm

6 Lindfield Gdns, NW3

RESEARCH ON CRIMINOLOGY

Sir, – C. H. Rolph is right in emphasising that teaching and research in criminology should not be concentrated exclusively in one University or one Institute. We need many growing-points, and certainly Oxford and London should continue to be two of them.

Continue is the operative word – for London, under the leadership of Dr Mannheim, has been an important school of criminology for over 20 years now. Its contribution, both nationally and internationally, has been considerable, as I am sure Mr Rolph will be the first to agree. Indeed, when the history of criminology comes to be written one day, the profundity and daring of such books as, for example, *Criminal Justice and Social Reconstruction* alone will ensure a special place for London.

Hugh J. Klare
Secretary

The Howard League for Penal Reform
Abbey Orchard Street, SW1

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Public Poet

EVER since Eliot's essay in 1921, Dryden has, nominally, been in. Yet although this is one of the few major judgments Eliot has amplified instead of going back on, an enthusiasm for Dryden is still rare enough. Every undergraduate can quote Donne as though he were one of the great modern poets, and a good many can competently denigrate Milton; but Dryden is still respected more than read. His poems that are in currency are those that always have been: *Absalom and Achitophel, Mac Flecknoe*, and a handful of lyrics, odes, elegies, prologues and epilogues. The reasons for liking them may have changed, but the poems that are liked have not. After all, since Mark Van Doren's book and Eliot's subsequent essays, there has been virtually no important criticism of the poet. And it has taken until now for a definitive, properly annotated text to appear; between Professor James Kinsley's magnificent new Oxford edition* and the huge, eighteen-volume *Complete Works* of the last century, there are only a couple of student texts. As for Professor Kinsley's edition of the poems – the highest praise possible is simply to say that it is easily up to the standard of the best of this excellent series. Professor Kinsley indulges in no superfluous introductions or phony scholarship, explaining what is obvious and sliding over the difficulties. Instead, for every puzzle in the text, the Professor has a concise, lucid explanation. And that, in a poet of Dryden's range, is a prodigious achievement.

If, despite Eliot, Dryden is still not a cause of much enthusiasm that is because he is pre-eminently a public poet, and public poetry disappeared with Byron; even in his work it was already disastrously involved with the public version of the private life. Since then, however, poetry has been concerned almost exclusively with private lives. Even that new classicism that Eliot was pushing when he praised Dryden was a change in method, not in subject. Admittedly, Eliot's formidable intelligence, objectivity and feeling for the potentiality of the language were all serving realism of a kind; but it was a psychological realism, the truth of the depths, whereas Dryden was concerned with the public surface, the truth and standards of the polite world. He transposed the political jostling and scheming, the literary feuds and personal jealousies, into poetry of great purity and control. Much of his achievement depends on what he managed to do with depressingly intractable material. He made major poetry out of occasional topics.

Today there is practically no occasional or political poetry; there is only private worry or semi-public rant which excuses itself by espousing more or less worthy causes. But traditionally, there are two ways of coping with politics in verse: there is political poetry and party poetry. In the great political poems – *Coriolanus, Antony and Cleopatra*, and Marvell's *Horatian Ode* – the politics are undogmatic and largely unexplicit. They are there as a dimension of the speaker's sensibility, the area in which public responsibility and private action merge. Political sense, in this kind of poetry, merely makes the individual judgment more serious, inclusive and fair. Whereas in party poetry there is declamation or satire, but no appeal. Instead of testing public occasions and personalities by his private judgment, the party poet merely sets into motion public, dogmatic principles. Since the judgments, in fact, are foregone, party poetry, like party politics, depends largely on the art of manipulation. It took an immense amount of brainwork, learning and social dexterity to produce *Absalom and Achitophel's* endlessly elaborate correspondences between Biblical Israel and seventeenth-century England, by which, as Professor Kinsley's notes show, the jokes get better the more you know of the allusions.

It is all very clever and energetic and funny. But it is also faintly depressing. For party poetry has a shadier side, that of intrigue, personal rancour and money-grubbing. Dryden, who lorded it over Will's Coffee House and literary London, whose influence on poetry lasted well over a century, who virtually created the critical idiom of this country, was also the first master and victim of Grub Street. Ben Jonson had wielded much the same power fifty years before. But he had a fine, learned arrogance which put him a little beyond the range of the mud-slingers. His learning itself commanded respect enough to protect him. But after the Civil War, learning and wit became a little suspect; the Royal Society boasted that their experiments made all wits equal. So in Dryden there is a kind of naked, unrelieved literary professionalism. Inevitably, it is a bit sordid. There are, for example, his vicious personal feuds; he was beaten up for one of his satires. There are his endless dedications, with their almost abject eulogies of the great, wealthy and possibly useful. There is a steady stream of complaints about his penury and, as a result, the grinding contracts he let himself in for:

> Received then of Mr Jacob Tonson the sum of two hundred sixty-eight pounds fifteen shillings, in pursuance of an agreement for ten thousand verses to be delivered by me to the said Jacob Tonson. . . .

His collected poems are stocked with commendations, epilogues and prologues in verse, which were the seventeenth-century equivalent of the modern review, turned out to order. Apparently, even his funeral was the occasion of a vindictive brawl. As Dr Johnson remarked of one of Dryden's critical wrangles: 'This is not very decent'.

Perhaps it is the sordidness of the Augustans' literary warfare that makes their work, relatively, unpopular. It is not that they are too remote from us; on the contrary, they are too close. The principles of calm reason and order on which the Peace of the Augustans was founded were so grand that they seem hardly to touch the details of the poets' lives and work; or rather, when they do, they are undercut by the swarming professional malice. And unalleviated professionalism is hard to bear. Part of Donne's initial fascination for the writers of the 1920s was the ease with which they could read into him their own brand of metaphysical anguish. It can't be done with Dryden, Pope or Swift. For despite their occasional excursions into theology – *The Hind and the Panther, Religio Laici*, or the *Essay on Man* – Augustan poetry seems, to an extraordinary degree, secular, like our own. Their literary brawls, apparently free of any metaphysical or æsthetic ulterior motives, are uncompromising, bare and unpleasant. It is like reading our own miserable squabbles, but transformed out of reviewers' prose into poetry of wit and genius. It seems a waste of such formidable creative effort.

Yet professionalism was the essence of Dryden's poetry and his influence depends, in a way, on the amount he wrote. For in the continual grind of turning out translations and occasional verse as his patrons or his publisher required, Dryden created a new standard for the purity of the English poetic language. He did for English what the Academy was trying to do for French. Before him, Shakespeare had taken the language that was there to hand, still fluid and unshaped, and had forced it to its imaginative limits, so that all subsequent experiment has seemed almost footling; compared with Shakespeare, Hopkins is mannered and Joyce merely accommodates the problem of poetic language to the sensibility of a medieval theologian. But where Shakespeare mapped the outer limits of poetic diction, Dryden gave it its norm. He created the great common language of poetry, the language of poetic common sense.

He had started as a pale, and not very promising, imitator of Cowley, 'the darling of (his) youth', writing in the decadent, polysyllabic, painfully conceited style that was the University affectation. By lurching ponderously from one wild image to another, the poet intended, in fact, to give the impression of great intellectual speed and dexterity. On these terms, Dryden was not a witty man. His imagination worked most forcibly when most forcibly controlled. And he learned this control, like Yeats, by writing for the stage. It was a question of deliberately slowing down the machinery:

> To see this Fleet upon the Ocean move
> Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies:
> And Heav'n, as if there wanted Lights above,
> For Tapers made two glareing Comets rise.

The condensed, twisted conceits were expanded until they became stately; and to be stately, they had also to be clear. Dryden transformed seventeenth-century poetry by replacing the corrupted standard of cleverness – the standard of Cowley, Cleveland and Benlowes – by the common-sense standard of clarity. Instead of dialectics, he wrote a poetry of exposition.

Not that that was enough; Waller had almost done as much before. But Dryden, having established his tough standards of the controlled purity of common sense, once more speeded up the grandiose for more personal ends. Compared with the Metaphysical poets or with Pope, Dryden, I suggested, was not a particularly witty man; even as a person he was, apparently, a heavy, rather county figure and a reluctant conversationalist. But he is the greatest comic poet in the language:

---

* *The Poems of John Dryden*. Edited by JAMES KINSLEY. 4 *Vols. Oxford*. 10gns.

> Round as a Globe, and Liquor'd in ev'ry chink,
> Goodly and Great he Sayls behind his Link . .
>
> During his Office, Treason was no crime.
> The sons of Belial had a glorious time. . . .
>
> Can dry Bones Live? or *Skeletons* produce
> The Vital Warmth of Cuckoldizing Juice? . . .

Dryden's comic satires are the final stage of his poetic self-criticism. He did not write mock heroics; the scale is too big. He simply viewed the great stately progress of his heroics in the wider air of common sense. But it was a common sense that had taken to itself all the imaginative speed and concentration his early verse had lacked. In Dryden's satires common sense itself achieves a creative strength more heroic than his heroics.

It had, however, its limitations. For common sense was also, for the Augustans, a criterion that was public and general. It demanded a clear sensibleness that the feelings very rarely have. So when Dryden attempted the positive emotions – love, respect, loss – he was so resolutely public and sensible about them that they ended, as often as not, by being merely general, grandiose. Only his negative emotions, his literary and political rancours, scorn and jealousies, could be expressed in all their strength and detail, for with them the poet could assume a kind of public indignation at his opponents' violation of the reasonable decencies.

This determinedly public appeal also affected his poetic language. Dryden, as Eliot suggested, is a great master of the natural style. And so, of course, is Donne. But Donne wrote merely for a few friends; he did not publish. And so his poetry has the colloquial vibrancy of intimate talk. Dryden, on the other hand, transformed into poetry the more formal strength of public conversation. It comes out in their versification: Donne's peculiar fluency was a matter of making the pattern of his verse follow the changing flow of his thinking; whilst Dryden's steadiness and power within the bounds of the couplet is a continual reminder of his central control of feelings, learning and standards, of his firm core of common sense.

He is the most competent poet in the language. He is also the most unflinchingly sensible. Both qualities brought their own deprivations. His professionalism led him to expend enormous creative energy in the services of dubious political feuds, personal animosities and what at least began as bread-and-butter versifying. And the confidence with which he limited his art to a public reasonableness makes him appear superficial compared to Pope, to whom the dominion of common sense seemed more precarious, difficult and threatened. But Dryden set, once and for all, the standard of tough clarity, unassuming purity of language, and ironic common sense by which all poetry, sooner or later, is judged. He created, in short, the public voice of poetry, and if to be popular now demands something less stringent, sane and clear, that is our loss.

A. ALVAREZ

Me and the Animals

I share my kneebones with the gnat,
My joints with ferrets, eyes with rat
Or blind bat, blinking owl, the goat
His golden cloven orb. I mate like a stoat
Or like the heavy whale, that moves a sea
To make a mother's gross fecundity.

I share lung's action with the snake;
The fish is cold, but vertebrate like me; my steak
Is muscle from a bullock's arm, a butcher's heart
Is some sheep's breast that throbbed; I start
At noise with ears which in a dog
Can hear what I cannot; in water I'm a frog.

I differ most in lacking their content
To be, no more; they're at mercy of the scent,
Of hot, cold, summer, winter, hunger, anger,
Of ritual establishing the herd, smelling out the
 stranger:
I walk upright, alone, ungoverned, free,
Yet their occasional lust, fear, unease, walk with me
Always. All ways.

DAVID HOLBROOK

Politics in Glossop

Small-Town Politics. By A. H. BIRCH. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

The sociologists and psephologists are slowly filling in the enormous gaps in our knowledge of why people vote and how they vote. But, as everyone knows who has worked in a local party organisation, we still play most of our politics by ear—even the professionals are really amateurs when it comes to understanding what induces one man to support Labour, or another to back the Tories, or a third to switch his vote. Because our two main parties are fairly evenly balanced, because the 'cube rule' provides a handy link between the tides of public opinion and the division of seats in parliament, because voters, like suicides, are statistically predictable, we deal in the general and not the particular.

That is why such studies as this report on the Derbyshire town of Glossop are so valuable. Mr Birch has woven together the work of a team of specialists from Manchester University who spent a good deal of time analysing the political attitudes of one community—in this case a fairly isolated borough of less than 20,000 people, mainly dependent upon the cotton industry, where a substantial part of the working-class still votes Tory and the Liberals retain enough strength to hold second place on the borough council. This is, however, more than a breakdown of voting behaviour: it is an essay in political ecology. There is an admirable summary of the town's history, and especially of the rise of the mill-owning families and of the religious sects with which they were associated. One of the most interesting conclusions to which Mr Birch comes is that there is a marked relationship between the traditional religion of a family and its contemporary politics – something that springs, in fact, from the domination of different religious groups in the last century by mill-owners of different political persuasions.

Possibly this has helped to form stereotypes. Mr Birch is undoubtedly right when he says that the self-image people unconsciously accept has a great deal to do with their political behaviour, and that 'much more evidence is needed about

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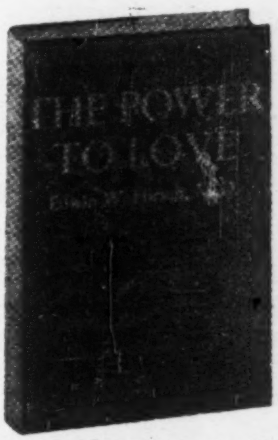

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the influence of stereotypes and myths'. We do not know how these vary from town to town, nor how they are shaped partly by local and partly by national events. But there is no doubt that this line of research would help us to understand why, for instance, as much as one-third of the 'working class' continues to vote Conservative. (If the Labour Party could find an answer to that question it would be on its way to a permanent majority.) It is one of the omissions in this most useful book that no attempt has been made to study how the Labour vote originally developed in Glossop, what people switched to Labour after 1918, or even in 1945, what proportion of the Labour vote came from spoiled Liberals, or Tories, or new voters. Mr Birch confirms other studies which show that Labour does best among younger voters, but he raises and leaves unanswered the question why many of their elders switched to Labour in the middle of life, though heavy unemployment in the past may be one reason.

There are some other loose ends in this book. Why, since this team was interested in stereotypes, did it not find out from its sample what percentage were house-owners, and relate that to voting attitudes? Why did it not make a more thorough inquiry about political apathy among trade union members—another point which is raised but evaded? Why, finally, did it make no attempt to assess the impact of opinion-forming agencies such as schools, the press and radio, on the population? We are not even told what kind of books are borrowed from the 'admirable' public library.

These are, however, marginal criticisms of a book which genuinely breaks new ground, and there is a great deal here which ought to be read with care by party organisers. For Mr Birch is not only describing how Glossop is organised politically: he also discusses some of the changes that have been imposed since the war on small local authorities, and their effect on the town's political vitality. If anyone is inclined to shrug it off with the remark that 'Glossop's a special case' the answer is that national politics is the sum of special cases. We miss that point too often, and Mr Birch has done well to remind us of it.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

MIND

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Tudor Bureaucracy

The Council in the Marches of Wales. By PENRY WILLIAMS. *University of Wales Press, Cardiff.* 42*s.*

The Queen's Wards. By JOEL HURSTFIELD. *Longmans.* 42*s.*

In the 1640s English society and government crumbled inwardly, and when it was restored there were significant changes. A whole apparatus of government had gone: an apparatus which was part, but only part, of the great work of Thomas Cromwell. Historians today, seeking to understand Tudor government, have become increasingly interested in that apparatus. Here are two excellent books, which illuminate at once the modernity and the archaism of Tudor rule.

First the modernity. One of the most obvious of the achievements of the Tudor monarchy (and indeed of all the 'new monarchies') was its bureaucratic centralisation. New provinces were brought under control, new property was taken over, government extended its power and patronage as never before. Such centralisation demanded new organs. They were found in the 'Prerogative Courts'—the Star Chamber, the Court of High Commission, the Councils of the North at York, of the Welsh Marches at Ludlow. All of these were overthrown in 1641. Mr Penry Williams's book is concerned with the last of them. It is an excellent book (we are becoming used to excellent books on Welsh history), scholarly, up-to-date and sensible. It shows us the foundation and development of the Council in the Marches, its work both in government and in society, and the subtle changes in it as the forceful domination of the great innovator, Thomas Cromwell, yielded to the conservative rule of Queen Elizabeth.

For Thomas Cromwell, who converted the previous household council of the Prince of Wales into the Council of the Welsh Marches, envisaged this new council as an engine of government, a means of perpetuating his own work in reducing Wales to an English pattern. So did his first President, Bishop Rowland Lee, who was described as a 'stout travelling President', 'ready witted, rough in speech, not affable to any of the Welshry, an extreme severe punisher of offenders'. 'Thieves I found them and thieves I shall leave them,' he declared, as he strung them up. But his followers could not keep up the pace. Always, behind Tudor government, lay the basic fact of Tudor society, the fact of patronage, and its basic assumption, that office was not so much a 'trust' as an 'estate'. By the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Council still sought to carry out its vaguely defined duties, overlapping with the Star Chamber here, the High Commission there, the Lord Lieutenant everywhere, but it was also penetrated from beneath by the gentry, from above by the great magnates. The Earl of Leicester had one Lord President in his pocket; the Earl of Essex, with his 'servants' everywhere, made life impossible for another. Thus sabotaged, the Presidents had a hard task in a country torn by social feuds, jealousies and ambitions and, in a critical time, 'stuffed with papists'. Besides, how could its work (and its parasites) be financed? In the end only by fines, chiefly for sexual offences to which the Welsh, it was said, were particularly addicted, owing to the mountain air. From about 1600 the Presidents raised the revenue from fines; from that time the Council began to feel its ultimately fatal unpopularity.

Finance was the problem of all the 'new monarchies'. How could a centralised, efficient state be sustained out of medieval taxation? One method, practised successfully by Henry VII and unsuccessfully by Charles I, was by discovering anachronisms and turning them into articles of trade. One of the most famous of these anachronisms was wardship, the system whereby an orphan landlord, if he held by the usual tenure *in capite,* was 'sold like an ox', to a guardian; the guardian then controlled the marriage and estates of the ward till he came of age and 'sued out his livery'. Already in the reign of King John wardship was a grievance; by the time of the Tudors it had long lost its original justification. But it had not lost its financial uses. So Henry VII set about exploiting it. If landlords had 'concealed their tenures'—*i.e.,* their liability to wardship—they were found out: that was the real crime of those ill-requited royal servants, Empson and Dudley: they caught the feudal tax-dodgers. And Henry VIII and Thomas Cromwell went further. In 1540 they set up the Court of Wards to centralise this 'fiscal feudalism', which they ingeniously extended to all the newly sold monastic lands. For the next hundred years there was a regular machinery for fleecing landed orphans. Like modern death duties, it was a useful source of revenue to the Crown; it was also, men agreed, 'the ruin of every man's family once in three descents'.

The general history of the Court of Wards ran parallel with that of the prerogative courts: dynamism under Henry VIII, conservatism, sliding into abuse through patronage under Elizabeth, roaring corruption under James I, re-assertion under Charles I, angry abolition by his enemies in the 1640s. Mr Joel Hurstfield has long been the foremost student of the subject, and in this book he gives us a full account of its history and working until 1610, when Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, failed in his great attempt to abolish it from above and so forestall abolition from beneath. It is a marvellously lucid and illuminating account. He, too, brings out not only the institution but its background and its place in society. We see how the bureaucracy of 'officers' spread, how the cost to the subject grew, and how the whole of society was gradually infected. And seeing this, we begin to understand far more than the mere history of a defunct institution: we begin to understand the problems, the grievances, the essential terms of a whole system. For the function of wardship was not merely the £15,000 p.a. which it brought in to the Crown under Queen Elizabeth. That was a trifle in her accounts, and certainly not worth the discontent which it caused. It was far more the opportunities and patronage which wardships, like monopolies and so many other abuses, created for a favoured class whom the government feared to alienate.

Was wardship corrupt? Mr Hurstfield has an excellent chapter on Elizabethan corruption, in which he reminds us that it was not till the nineteenth century that our modern conception of public service was born, although Victorian standards 'have so deeply written themselves into our memory' that we sometimes forget their novelty. He also reminds us of some mitigating facts. Lord Burghley, as Master of the Wards, may have made money at the expense of the Crown (which was normal), but he took great trouble over the education of his wards, who, on the whole, appreciated it. Moreover, children often gained by removal from the cramped tutelage of widowed mothers to the households of great noblemen (they gained less, of course, if sold or granted to 'Webber of the Privy Kitchen' or 'Stone the Queen's footman'); and marriage, in those days, was not free anyway.

I feel ashamed at squeezing these two excellent books into one review. Both deserve much fuller notice. But they have their connection. Each illuminates a different side of the same regime in the same period; each is characterised by clarity and comprehension; both are essential to the study of that bizarre 'Tudor despotism' which Thomas Cromwell helped to found and Oliver Cromwell to destroy.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Still Life

William Soutar, 1898-1943. By ALEXANDER SCOTT. *Chambers.* 25*s.*

Apart from McDiarmid, the first generation of the Scottish Renaissance makes its most central claim – a claim of a somewhat different order – in William Soutar, the Perth poet who lived his life in a sick-bed, and died in 1943 at the height of his powers. For in Soutar's mature work all the various strands of Scottish literary tradition are continued, while socialism and nationalism are kept within the measure of a realistic sanity. This sanity was achieved through half a lifetime of progressive illness, fought and accepted with a heroism which has made his particular destiny a source of general inspiration to his country. Invalid as he was, Soutar's isolation never made him less than a man. The marvel of his wide-ranging life was that he not only kept in touch with the minutest activities of external nature, but remained fully involved in human society. He committed himself to pacifist views which could cost the estrangement of a friend; and he committed himself to his art, determined that he would 'Gang doun wi' a sang, gang doun'.

The present volume is a popular but definitive biography by Alexander Scott, who has already edited Soutar's *Diaries of a Dying Man.* Mr Scott has that essential qualification of a literary biographer, sympathy with his subject. Yet his good sense and good taste ensure that he praises not a single poem excessively – something of an achievement, since Soutar, like Burns, produced much slight and inferior work. Mr Scott evaluates Soutar as one of those poets who, in spite of their choice of minor forms (riddles, whigmaleeries, and the like), because of their intensity and the magnitude of the issues they treat can never be classed as minor. An independent source of interest in Soutar's life is the elaborate documentation both of his conscious and his unconscious development; besides keeping a diary and a day-book of conversations, over a period of many years he noted his dreams. The thirty-three volumes of dream-books form a remarkable record, with which Mr Scott scores some successes of interpretation, particularly for the earlier years. Later, oddly, he hardly uses it; perhaps because he tends to regard dreams as merely compensatory phenomena. Yet it's difficult to believe that Soutar's dream life and imaginative life weren't closely interconnected; and that the dream-books couldn't have been used better to illuminate, for instance, the remarkable access of maturity which made possible the 1935 volume, *Poems in Scots.*

Of Soutar's intellectual development, on the other hand, Mr Scott provides just the survey required to set the poems in context. And so far as they go, the critical descriptions of the different volumes are accurate and informative, if flatly expressed. The difficulty of dealing with successive volumes without repetition has not always been overcome: Soutar's limitation is traced more often to his indiscriminate use of the ballad stanza than I care to count. Nevertheless this is a readable, interesting biography, as sensible and unpretentious as Soutar himself would wish it.

ALASTAIR FOWLER

Doing the Communists' Job

Some Monetary Problems – International and National. By PER JACOBSSON. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

This is a book of outstanding political and human interest, because of the status, energy and success of Dr Jacobsson. As economic adviser to the Bank of International Settlements, and more recently as managing director of the International Monetary Fund, Dr Jacobsson more than any other individual is responsible for (or, rather, represents the forces making for) the contemporary western drift to stagnation which has been caused by belief in the monetary mystique. In this volume he adds, in an autobiographical framework, an exceedingly interesting sketch of recent economic and monetary history to his collected writings; these mark the milestones of Europe's decline into depression and war, and of the great post-1945 debate between the protagonists of full employment and the believers in high investment.

The interest of the volume is enhanced by the fact that there was a time when Dr Jacobsson was in the van of unconventional economic analysis. I well remember a scene in Geneva when Sir Arthur Salter wept when he announced the abandonment of the Gold Standard in 1931. He was obviously terrified of the inevitable inflation and ruin. Dr Jacobsson energetically, fearlessly, and quite unsuccessfully, supported me, among general disapproval, in maintaining that the real danger was a wholesale deflation of the rest of the world, and that reflationary steps were urgently required. It was his violent reaction to the Keynesian revolution which determined his more recent attitude to economic policy and divided him from progressive thought. He became enmeshed in the dubious politics of Mr Montagu Norman and the international bankers which culminated in Munich and the handing over of the Czech gold to Hitler. In 1938 and 1939 he was certainly taken in by the Schachtian, conservative, mask of the Nazi Fuehrer.

After the war, now well entrenched in the extreme Right, he conducted a vigorous and victorious campaign for the restoration of monetary policy as the sole governor of economic life, for convertibility and the abandonment of all subtler, direct controls. He attacked full employment policies as inflationist when such views were still a tiny minority. Dr Jacobsson never lacked courage. By 1955 his views were dominant in all but the poorest areas of the non-Soviet world, and in 1958 at New Delhi he seems to have been successful in imposing them on these too – unless, that is, the Russian competitive bids for influence in the non-committed areas prevent the Anglo-American champions of *laisser faire* from having their way.

This victory of Asquithian (if not Gladstonian) liberalism, together with the obsession with armaments, has gone some way to seal the fate of the West. The steady and hopeful advance, which until 1955 embraced both the well-to-do and the underdeveloped countries of the non-Soviet orbit, has come to an end. In the US and Britain there has been virtual cessation of growth in the last few years, and the Western European boom now also seems to be fading out. There has been a sharp fall in the prices paid for primary products, and with it a grave setback in the poor areas. The uneasy stagnation in the richer areas, and crises in the poorer, so characteristic of the inter-war period, has been faithfully reproduced by the victory of Dr Jacobsson's views. His pathetic efforts to enlist Keynes's posthumous article to strengthen his case for monetary control, his faith in the automatism of the market, show how uneasy he really is in this new intellectual posture. In contrast to this handiwork of Dr Jacobsson, and his backers and disciples, the Soviet Union has made gigantic strides and is within striking distance of making good its claim of catching up Europe and then the US – even without the 'leap forward' of China.

The tragedy of the extreme anti-Communists is that, objectively, they perform the work of their enemies. The Bretton Woods Conference, which established the eventual supremacy of money-capital in the West, was the first step in this direction. When it was over – and at the Savannah Conference the gullible optimism of the supporters of the Fund, like Keynes or Harrod, had been shattered – the analysis of the motives of the American policy-makers, especially of Mr Harry Dexter White, who were obviously ruining the weaker countries of Europe, was confused by the mounting wave of spy-hysteria in the US. No decent person could join in the

' the book has genius '

writes John Davenport in The Observer. 'It should be added that *The Aunt's Story* is an extremely amusing novel. Mr. White is as witty as he is compassionate.'

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Communist hunt. Yet, in spite of Senator McCarthy, it might well be argued that *intellectually* the most charitable explanation of Mr White's behaviour was that he deliberately wished to weaken the capitalist world. In point of fact it is more than probable that he was insufficiently intelligent or wicked to do so. He merely believed in textbook economics. By insisting that money be restored to its position as the ultimate arbiter, by cutting down development plans in the poor, and creating unemployment in the rich areas of the world, Dr Jacobsson, once more, and no doubt quite unconsciously, is doing Krushchev's and Mao's job for them. A pity.

T. Balogh

The Call of the Wild

A Place for Animals. By Garth Christian. *Lutterworth.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The Ecology of Invasions. By Charles S. Elton. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

About three-quarters of the people of Britain live semi-crippled lives in the filth and squalor of our monstrous cities. Many of them are able to take temporary refuge, for a few weeks each year, in the country; but here too urban life and death are spawning and sprawling. In the supposed interests of food production trees are being felled in vast numbers and not replaced; hedgerows are destroyed in favour of wire fences; and powerful poisons are being spread in the fields – poisons that are liable to kill much more than the weeds or pests at which they are aimed. Even soil erosion is becoming a real menace in the flat lands of East Anglia and East Fife.

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Still greater fecklessness is evident if the world picture of human interference with wild nature is examined. Oysters, which Charles Elton calls 'a kind of sessile sheep, that are moved from pasture to pasture in the sea', have been spread around the continents, accompanied by a formidable body of camp followers. 'If a large corporation had been set up just to distribute about the world a selection of organisms living around or just below low-water mark on the shores of the world, it could not have been more efficient at the job'. This spread of species in living communities not adjusted to them can result in calamity. This holds especially for the artificial communities favoured by farmers and foresters: planted woodlands with only one species of tree, all of the same age, are exactly fitted to the most rapid and devastating spread of fungal or insect parasites. It is such invasions – ecological explosions as he calls them – that make the main theme of Mr Elton's book.

Some readers of the faintly lyrical opening of *A Place for Animals* may come to expect that here is another cranky volume about Britain's wild life: back to 'nature' or to 'natural farming', to the middle ages or some such thing. Similarly, readers not knowing either Elton or his reputation in the biological world may wonder whether *The Ecology of Invasions* is yet another of those rather hysterical outbursts, fashionable a few years ago, on the theme of Our Doomed Planet, or Roads to Ruin. In both instances one is quickly reassured. Mr Christian's is a slight book but valuable. The author is a professional writer with much experience of, and love for, wild life, but he has too the ability to see clearly the real problems of reconciling the needs of farmers, consumers, holiday-makers and naturalists. What he writes of his own experiences can be read with enjoyment (and profit) by both children and adults. School-teachers will find his suggestions for activities in and out of school helpful and stimulating. Many others may copy some of his proposals for bird gardens, or look at birds and the countryside with a keener eye after having read this book. There is a list and a map of nature reserves, and a collection of addresses of organisations concerned with the care of our land and the preservation of its living inhabitants.

While Mr Christian approaches his subject as an amateur naturalist with a respect both for science and for humanity, Mr Elton is a biologist concerned that his science should be used to enable man to adjust his ever more drastic and destructive activities to his true needs. His text will be valuable to biologists, but is so simple that it can be strongly recommended to lay readers. Elton, like Christian, is able to show that the demands of those who wish to conserve hedgerows, mixed woodlands and other complex communities of plants and animals need not depend on imponderables such as our æsthetic preferences or the influence of a country life on mental health; these arguments (sufficiently strong for those who do not apply a purely commercial criterion) are supported also by economic biology: what evidence we have suggests that only balanced communities of thousands of species, adjusted to each other after millions of years of evolving together, can withstand the invasions of foreign species; moreover they harbour birds and other creatures which, on balance, tend to keep agricultural pests in control (even though a few compete with us for food). Not that Mr Elton suggests that the biologists have all the answers; on the contrary, he urges that the questions he implies should be asked more loudly, and that governments should insist on their being answered. He refers to the schoolmaster who encouraged his pupils to run a kitchen garden, but taught them about the animals in it only that they were pests. He also quotes Browning:

> I am earth's native:
> No rearranging it!

His suggested policy lies between the two.

These two well-illustrated books, both desiring a world in which man is at peace and in harmony with nature, would make suitable New Year presents for persons high in the seats of government. But would they read them?

Anthony Barnett

New Novels

To the Islands. By Randolph Stow. *Macdonald* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Esmond in India. By R. Prawer Jhabvala. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Daybreak. By Suzy Morel. *Harvill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Pistol. By James Jones. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lowdown. By Richard Jessup. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The prevailing Australian mystique seems to be based on geographical space and the aboriginals. It draws talented Australian novelists away from the farms, and the temperate zones where the well-adapted giant sub-tropical cockneys disport themselves in surf-beached suburbs, towards the arid north-western interior where everything is, biologically speaking, older than anywhere else on the globe. Mr Stow, a most sensitive writer, is alert to these influences. To convey them in *To the Islands* he uses a most successful blend of narrative and allegory, telling parts of his story at different levels but without any symbolic confusion so that you are never in any doubt whether things are happening in the mind or in the outside world.

His chief character is Stephen Heriot, a sixty-eight-year-old Antipodean Lear, and a discordant, over-endowed mixture of intellectual, prophet, and man of action, who has been running a mission station for aboriginals. Now due to be retired, he is on the verge of a climacteric explosion. We are shown the chaos in his own mind, and also given a sympathetic all-round view of him through the eyes of the mission staff, especially Helen, a nursing sister. In the past Heriot, though dedicated, has been too severe, 'a man who goes round spreading civilisation with a stockwhip'; the punishment book of this period makes sickening reading. Now he is nearly mad and has lost faith in everything – himself, his religion and all the values of his prime period. The crisis breaks when he attacks Rex, an independent-minded aboriginal whom he thinks responsible for the death of a girl whom he had looked upon almost as his daughter. Leaving him for dead, he wanders off on a crazy trek in search of some mythical islands of aboriginal folk-lore. He is attended by the faithful Justin, an abo who plays Fool to his Lear with the correct degree of simplicity and cunning. Their wanderings, which occupy the last third or so of the novel, are part spiritual, part factual; they take you through the sour red and empty desert outback country and through the tormented mind of poor old Heriot. By the time the pursuit catches up with him his mental storm has blown itself out, leaving him in a temporary still centre of spiritual calm. As a character, there may be rather more inconsistencies in him than Mr Stow is able to integrate, but he is a memorable figure. His story is set against a background of quite exceptionally vivid impressions in depth of North Western Australia. The abo portraits are admirably done. This is one of the rare novels that immediately establishes itself as having an original life of its own; it never for a moment gives you any of the pre-fabricated feeling, the feeling that you had read it before it was written.

Mrs Jhabvala has been called the Hindu Jane Austen. The epithet is a good deal less absurd than many such publishers' labels, for she writes with some of the wit, irony and perception of her model. She seldom moralises but she has a natural bent for the sociology of fiction. You can learn a lot from her. *Esmond in India* is a study of family predicaments in present-day Delhi, in society close to the top of the modern Indian establishment. The prevailing atmosphere is one of fussy uncertainty. Nobody seems quite to know what to do with their national independence and though they are all very proud of it there are several expressions of nostalgia for the years of struggle for Swaraj. (You may be reminded remotely at moments of the liberated Irish bourgeoisie.) Mrs Jhabvala conveys all this most successfully, mainly by means of several women characters of two generations. Her set pieces, such as a Delhi tea-party and a cultural expedition to Agra, are very nice. There is, however, one rather noticeable weakness in her construction, which is enough to mar, though by no means to ruin, her book. Such plot as there is, is provided by Esmond's marriage, which acts as the link between two Indian family groupings. And Esmond is the least convincing character in the story. He is a young Englishman who ekes out a living lecturing on Indian culture. He is married to Gulab, an indolent slut, brilliantly described, who gets physically on his nerves. Mrs Jhabvala has a lot of fun with him and his hopeless flabby philandering and, through him, with aspects of both English and Indian culture that irritate her. But I could never bring myself to believe in him, however dismally he fails to connect. Betty, the only other English character, though from stock, is adequately bright and up to her role.

This is a cosmopolitan batch without any native English product. *Daybreak* requires a corner to itself. It is a very slight, quite agreeable story of French provincial middle-class adolescence, designed perhaps as an antidote to Mlle Sagan's doom-laden aphrodisiacal romances. It is told by Luce, a sixteen-year-old girl who bolts from her dentist-uncle's ménage on the back of a young painter's motor-bicycle and maintains a platonic brotherly relationship with him until she – er, I suppose – finds herself. As a sample of the kind of wholesome home-grown light fiction that often escapes translation it is perhaps not without a little significance. It is written with some of that peculiar oblique inconsequence which seems to have become part of the French adolescent girl's traditional persona: you may find traces of it in works as diverse as *Suzanne et le Pacifique* and *Mon Curé et mon Oncle*.

The American pair are tough actives. *The Pistol*, a competent tour-de-force not much longer than a short story, is about an American private's struggles to keep the prized weapon and potency-symbol that was issued to him for guard duty only on the night of Pearl Harbour. His brutish comrades covet it with desperate yearning and go to any lengths to get it away from him. There is a lot of significant action, some of it rather heavily psychologised, but no real characters. *Lowdown* is a sociological thriller. It covers the rise and fall of a sensationally delinquent and frightful young jazz crooner. He breaks into the pop disc market by a bold trick, behaves when at the top like a sexually maniacal criminal psychopath, and goes rapidly downhill to a violent end all in a hundred and sixty well-printed pages. In spite of being rather over-written, especially towards the end, it is all quite easy to read including the Broadway technicalities. One will try to hope that the picture of show business morals and ethics is just a trifle exaggerated.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

Wives and Mothers in Victorian Industry. By MARGARET HEWITT. *Rockliff*. 30s.

This is a sensible factual study of married women's employment in the mid-nineteenth century. Miss Hewitt examines with careful and intelligent scholarship both the rather lurid picture of the matter given by novelists and reformers and the solider evidence which partly authenticates it. She concludes that the effect on infant mortality was indeed quite as bad as was claimed. ('What do they do,' asked Charles Dickens of the Rector of a parish in a large English town, 'what do they do with the infants of the mothers who work in the mill?' 'Oh,' replied the clergyman, 'they bring them to me, and I take care of them in the churchyard!') The moral corruption, however, which was supposed to have been introduced by factory work, she shows to have been probably merely the *mores* universal in the working-class of the age, forced upon middle-class attention by proximity in the towns, and depending mainly on overcrowding in small houses.

There is a most detailed and interesting account of the shifts to which the factory-woman was put to make life possible, of the early attempts to limit her hours, of experimental day nurseries, and of the immense resistance raised against any attempt to help her by legislation. In fact, one of the most instructive points which emerges is the nature of this resistance; any interference with wholesale baby-slaughter was resented in the name of sanctity of the family. The publishers suggest that the book is also relevant to the problems of women working today, which I doubt; nearly everything which affects either infant mortality or sexual morals has changed too much in the last century. But it certainly has a general interest as an example, excellently investigated, of the relation between Victorian myth and reality.

M. S.

Henry Handel Richardson. Edited by EDNA PURDI and O. M. RONCORONI. *Angus & Robertson*. 25s

This is a symposium, marking the tenth anniversary of the death of a remarkable and underrated writer. The idea of it arose out of an informal meeting at Australia House in 1953; writers other than the speakers on that occasion added to the record, so that nine of them are now represented in this book. The general impression is a highly personal one, so personal, in fact, that the book can be valuable only to those who know Henry Handel Richardson's work pretty well in any case. It was a considerable error of judgment on the part of the editors not to have included a preface dealing with the literary achievement. *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* and *Maurice Guest* are novels of exceptional weight and distinction which have had the misfortune to become more or less snowed under; they ought to be re-valued and re-read. But until the work is re-established, there is not a great deal to be learned from symposia of this kind. Quite a clear picture emerges of a woman, tough, loyal, brave, obstinate, a woman who endured, for no particular reason except a distaste for being pushed around, some of the worst bombing of the war in one of the worst spots of Sussex; but of the writer there is very little indeed. The most notable contributions are those of her secretary, Miss Olga Roncoroni, her friend of nearly sixty years, Mrs Washburn Freund, and Mr Morchard Bishop.

P. H. J.

The Death of Stalin. By 'MONITOR'. *Wingate*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

Did Krushchev and his colleagues deal with Stalin before he dealt with them? The author of this pamphlet in hard covers has no more evidence than the rest of us, and he cannot therefore answer the question. But, by deduction, he makes out a case which may be broadly true. It is strong enough, at least, to enable us to say that, if Stalin was not hurried to his end, his death was a remarkably fortunate coincidence for those of the 'collective leadership' who were pricked for the new purge he was preparing. This book examines the strange affair of the 'doctors' plot', the vague but revealing phrases used by Krushchev in his secret speech to the Twentieth Congress, and the peculiar circumstances surrounding the liquidation of Beria. Something very odd happened in the Soviet Union in the spring of 1953, and there is no doubt that Krushchev has concealed more than he disclosed – that, indeed, at certain crucial points he has deliberately confused the facts.

All this is fair game for speculation, but the author has done further by going back to Trotsky's suspicions

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that Stalin murdered Lenin, and to the statements in the trials of the Thirties that Yagoda directed certain Soviet doctors to poison Gorky, Menzhinsky and other Soviet leaders. He makes the most of comparisons between the symptoms which afflicted these supposed victims and those attributed to Stalin after his final stroke. The implication is that Stalin was finally despatched by the methods he had used to rid himself of opponents in the past. Since the author has taken so much trouble to dig up anything which supports his thesis, it is surprising that he omits one of the most suggestive events at the time of Stalin's death. That is the bare announcement – no place or occasion given – that the commander of his personal bodyguard had died.

N. M.

In a Strange Land. By J. O'Donoghue. *Batsford.* 16*s.*

The easiest way of giving an impression of what Mr O'Donoghue's book is like would be to write a review of it in the mock-Irish prose in which *In a Strange Land* is written. An earlier book of his was well-received, but this one appears to be a case of 'the mixture as before'. The Irish labourer arrives in England during the last war, has a few misadventures, returns to Ireland against his will, eventually makes it a second time, and gains employment with the Southern Railway. Nothing of any consequence happens to him, but it is all recounted in over two hundred pages of ill-written prose, which clumsily attempts on occasion to ape the rhythms of Irish speech. And although this could have a certain primitive charm, one's inner ear surely baulks at sentences like 'You could step into a train bound for Jerusalem and no one would ever talk to you, not to mind ordering you about with your luggage, like they do in Kerry, unless he was asked to help'.

The book might have proved useful as an anthology of clichés ('Wonders will never cease, said I to myself') but, alas, it has no index; in fact it has very little except Mr O'Donoghue himself, praising God and cursing other people on alternate pages.

C. O.

Page by Page

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,506 Set by Marmaduke Dench

TV quiz programmes are said to be on the way out on both sides of the Atlantic. For the usual prizes and for the benefit of posterity competitors are invited to record this phase in cultural history in an epigram of not more than 4 lines. Entries by 13 January.

Result of No. 1,503 Set by Barrow Boy

The usual prizes are offered for a new rhyming street cry (limit 6 lines) for the vendor of any one of the following: nylon stockings, ice-cream, hot chestnuts, clockwork toys, polythene bags, evening newspapers.

Report

'Musical' is perhaps not the right word, but our streets could not fail to be more entertaining if the barrow boys learned from *NS* competitors. Some entries, it is true, would twist the tongue of any vociferant vendor; others were too cynical, like Denis D. Constable's paperseller's cry:

H-bomb raiders approaching fast!
Last edition! The very very last!

Winners follow; each asterisk represents a half-guinea award.

**All a-popping and a-hopping – chestnuts!
All a-toasting and a-roasting – chestnuts!
Sound and round,
For half a pound
A bob a bag – chestnuts!

S. Dick

**Hullo! Hullo-lo! Hi! Hi! Hi!
Boys and girls, come buy! buy! buy!
Stop me once, and stop me twice,
Don't go by, but buy an ice,
Buy a nice ice, one to try!
And buy more ices, by and by!

Little Billee

*Keep it fresh and keep it clean
(Polythene, polythene!),
Unexposed yet clearly seen.
Strength and lightness PLUS hygiene:
Polythene, polythene!

Diablotin

*Nylons! ladies, cheap to-day!
Buy 'em, wear 'em,
You won't tear 'em.
Skirts are shorter, I've heard say.
Give the boys a treat to-day,
Buy my nylons, and go gay!

E. R. North

*Nylons! Fine Nylons! Service weight or sheer,
Only five shillings, fine Nylons, my dear!
Ladderproof, snagproof and fit for the Queen!
Buy my fine Nylons, the finest you've seen!

Vera Telfer

*Mechanical toys for girls and boys!
Guaranteed joys with the maximum noise!
Mechanical toys! Mechanical toys!

Adrienne Gascoigne

**News*, or *Standard*, or the *Star*,
News from near and news from far.
Twopence-halfpenny is the price,
All the winners, all the vice,
All the happenings of the day,
Read them on your homeward way.

George Hurren

*Lovely legs, lovely legs,
Give a treat to yer poor ole pegs,
Bet you this'll
Raise a whistle –
Fine and sheer
Get 'em here.

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

The Chess Board

No. 477. In Praise of Correspondence Games

They are certainly invaluable for those who have scant opportunity for meeting players over the board, and moreover, they are apt to avoid the cruder types of blundering. I am glad to know that my suggestion to test a certain tricky variation of the Ruy by correspondence games, was adopted by some of our regular solvers who got to know each other through the medium of this column. I look forward to printing those games if they turn out to be as interesting as may be expected. Meanwhile, here is a delightful position from a recent Correspondence Tourney. /6k1/p4pp1/3q3p/4R3/8/P3QP2/1r4PP/6K1/. Black won by (1) . . . Q-Q8 ch; (2) Q-K1, Q-Q5 ch; (3) K-R1, QxR; but even neater are some of the other variations, such as (3) Q-K3, R-Kt8 ch; (4) K-B2, Q-R5 ch; or (3) R-K3, R-Q7; or (3) K-B1, Q-Q6 ch; (4) R-K2, R-Kt8 ch. I got this pretty piece from E. T. O. Slater, who may share a well deserved chess book-token with the winner, J. Stader, of Cologne. Another one goes to Ivor Montagu for winning a correspondence game which, though somewhat eccentric, is amusing in symbolising the ups and downs of fate.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) P-B5, P-Q4, (4) B-B4, Kt-QB3; (5) Kt-KB3, P-KR3; (6) P-K3, P-KKt4; (7) B-K5, R-Kt1; (8) B-Kt5, P-Kt5; (9) QBxKt, QxB; (10) Kt-K5, B-Q2; (11) Q-R4, KtxKt; (12) PxKt, QxKP; (13) BxB ch, K-K2; (14) Q-Kt5, B-Kt2; (15) Kt-B3, P-Q5; (16) Kt-K2, PxP; (17) O-O, KR-Q1; (18) P-B4, PxP e.p.; (19) RxP, RxB; (20) RxP ch, KxR; (21) QxR ch, K-Kt1; (22) Q-Kt5, R-Q1; (23) QxP, Q-Q4; (24) QxQ, PxQ; (25) R-Kt1, R-KB1; (26) resigns.

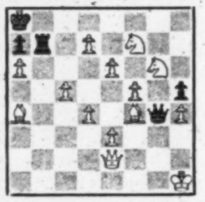
Now here's a "skittle" with a brilliant ending won by Dr L. Herrmann, of Dresden, a master in his own right and, besides, husband of Edith Keller, runner-up in the women's world championship.

(1) P-Q4, P-K3; (2) Kt-KB3, P-KB4; (3) P-B4, Kt-KB3; (4) Kt-B3, B-Kt5; (5) P-K3, P-QKt3; (6) B-Q3, B-Kt2; (7) P-QR3, BxKt ch; (8) PxB, O-O; (9) O-O, P-Q3; (10) Q-K2, QKt-Q2; (11) P-QR4, P-QR4; (12) B-R3, Q-K2; (13) QR-Kt1, QRK1; (14) P-Q5, P-Kt3; (15) PxP, QxP; (16) Kt-Q4, Q-K2; (17) Kt-Kt5, Kt-K4; (18) QR-Q1, K-R1; (19) Kt-Q4, Kt-R4!; (20) KtxP?, PxKt; (21) QxKt, R-KKt1; (22) P-B3, R-Kt4; (23) Q-R3, R(1)-KKt1; (24) P-K4, KtxB; (25) RxKt, PxP; (26) R-K3,

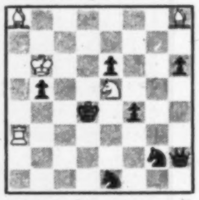
and here Black forced some drastic conclusions which might serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

His first entry for a " Readers' Own " week comes from E. R. Markson who, inspired by this column, has acquired a taste for suimates and an urge for composition. Here then is his sui-mate in 6, quite a bargain for 6 ladder-points. And so as to please our much neglected problem-addicts, **C** is a mate in 5; a very pretty piece which its author, the famous German problemist, gave me with his compliments for our solvers. Usual prizes. Entries by 12 January.

B: E. R. Markson 1958



C: G. W. Jensch 1957



In the 37th ladder decade (ended some weeks ago and held over for lack of space), 1st J. Mitchell who scored 753 since starting from scratch after the 31st Decade in July, 1957; 2nd E. A. Barclay-Smith (725), one of the 33rd Decade winners; 3rd C. Sansom (701), a winner in the 32nd Decade, and 4th C. R. Chaturvedi who scored 673, since winning the 31st in July, 1957.

REPORT on No 473. Set 6 December

A: (27) KtxP, BxKt; (28) RxB etc.
B: (1) P-Kt7! (P-Q7?), K-B2 (best); (2) R-R8, QxKtP; (3) R-B8 ch!, KxR; (4) P-Q7 ch, K-B2; (5) P-Kt ch etc.
C: (1) P-R7! (P-B7?), Q-QR5; (2) P-B7 Q-R6; (3) Kt-Kt4!, QxBP; (4) Kt-Q5! (Kt-B6?), Q-QR6 (best); (5) Kt-K7, Q- KB6; (6) Kt-Kt6 ch!, PxKt; (7) PxP etc.

Prizes: D. J. F. Ewing, J. F. Kahn (a German competitor), J. G. Lloyd, C. Sansom, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

REPORT on No. 474. Set 13 December

A: (1) R-Q7, QxR; (2) Kt-R6 ch. etc.,
B: (1) P-Kt7, R-KKt7; (2) Kt-B3 ch. K-B4; (3) Kt-K4 ch., K-Q4; (4) Kt-Kt5, RxKt; (5) R-R5 etc.
C: (1) R-R3 ch., K-Kt3; (2) B-B3, P-B4; (3) R-R1, P-Kt6; (4) B-K1 etc.

Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, J. R. Harman, C. Sandberg, J. J. Walsh. Many friendly seasonal wishes are sincerely reciprocated.

Assiac

City Lights

Your Moss Bros Pound

'Pound Flies High', crowed the *Sunday Express*. 'This Proud, Free £', sang the *Daily Express*. 'The £ Stands Firm on Freedom Day', piped the *Evening Standard*. What has produced this strange alliance between Beaverbrook Newspapers and the chilly respectability of Great George Street? You may well ask.

About a week before Christmas it became certain that something was in the air. Pressure against the French franc became suddenly intense enough to suggest not only that a devaluation was being planned but that a devaluation was rapidly becoming inevitable – and devaluation of the franc, things being what they were, was almost bound to involve wider changes. By Boxing Day, rumours of impending convertibility were not only coming in from all over Europe but were nosing their way into the newspapers – the *Manchester Guardian*, with typical courage, scooped the lot – and on Saturday Great George Street decided to spill the beans. The pound, together with most other European currencies, was to become convertible.

* * *

The penultimate step towards convertibility was taken in the spring of 1954, when Grandma decided to recognise the existence of only two kinds of foreigner, Americans and others. This, of course, left only two sorts of unblocked sterling for foreigners to hold – American account sterling freely convertible into anything, and transferable account sterling, freely convertible into anything but gold and dollars. The uncontrolled foreign exchange markets of Zurich and New York promptly provided facilities for taking the ultimate step towards convertibility by offering to buy or sell transferable pounds against dollars, at a discount, naturally, on the official rate. When this discount became large enough, Grandma found, it became profitable for foreign traders to do a commodity shunt – to buy Malayan tin or West African cocoa for cheap transferable sterling and sell it for dollars which could be converted back into sterling at the full official rate, thus depriving the official reserve of hard currency earnings which might otherwise have accrued to it. Grandma, therefore, secured permission in mid-1955 to intervene in free exchange markets and drive up the transferable rate as soon as it sagged too dangerously far below the official dollar rate. As a result of this intervention, the cost of which has never been published, the two sterling rates approached one another much more closely than in the past. For some months recently, in fact, transferable sterling has been quoted well within the official limits and usually within ½ per cent. or so of the official quotation.

It is possible, therefore, for Grandma and her West End Friends to argue that the amalgamation of the different kinds of non-resident sterling – which is all that this latest move towards full convertibility amounts to – is no more than the formal recognition of what was already the case. Sterling, they will tell you, was already being changed into dollars more often through the unofficial than through the official market; if another speculative crisis were to have come, it would have been impossible to let the transferable rate fall – partly because of the danger of commodity shunting, partly because the weakness of one rate would merely redouble speculative pressure on the other. Given that sterling, for better or worse, was already effectively convertible into dollars, why not recognise the fact, improve the status of the pound, encourage people to use it and to leave their money in London, bring back to the City the foreign exchange business lost to Zurich and New York? Why not?

* * *

There are two obvious snags in this smoothly presented case. The first is the suspicion which Mr Gaitskell naturally feels and which Lord Beaverbrook's antics can only encourage, that this latest move towards convertibility is not a decision of economic policy but an irrational and therefore dangerous combination of theology and flag-wagging. The second is the snag in every sorites, the ordinary man's refusal to be impressed by the fact that one thing follows naturally on another. A gradual move towards freer trade and payments may be in everybody's interest, but we can still quarrel about the timing: we can still be reluctant at that time to sacrifice an indefinable measure of freedom for still less definable advantages.

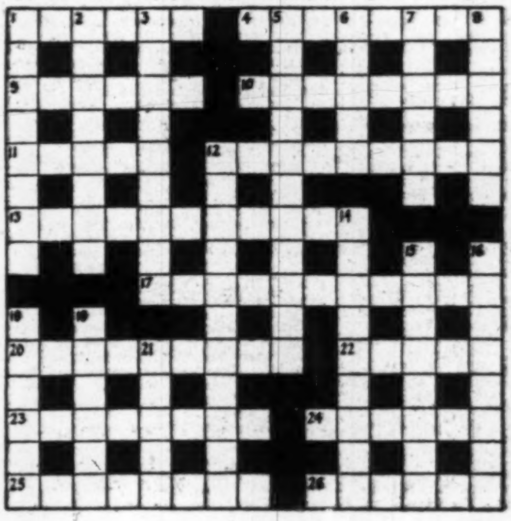
And what about Europe? Does Grandma really suppose that this is the best time for forcing the other countries of Europe to adopt convertibility and jettison the European Payments Union? It is true that Rab and his boys have been planning to introduce convertibility for a long time past – three successive exchange crises delayed things a little – and had finally decided to do so as soon as they were assured of sufficient backing from America and the International Monetary Fund. It is true too that the Germans have always been in favour of convertibility, though unwilling to take the first dip, and that it was with the idea of Germany and Britain going convertible together that the European Monetary Agreement was provisionally drawn up in the booming days of 1955 to replace the EPU. It is true finally that a number of countries, notably Switzerland, have been parading their reluctance to carry on with the EPU if the Common Market began without a Free Trade Area. There is nothing startling in what has happened.

Yet for all the official denials, all the assurances that this great step forwards was planned in concert by the European big three, it is quite clear that the decision was taken in a tremendous last-minute rush and almost immediately after the obortive OEEC meeting at which Sir David Eccles turned to bad-tempered bullying and threatened the French with reprisals. There are now enough acrimonious feelings about on the Continent to be politically useful when the average Frenchman realises what his General is letting him in for. Tough treatment of some kind for the French workman was inevitable if the Common Market was to start on time; the abolition of the EPU and its system of automatic credit – were we not in favour of *increasing* world liquidity? – will make the treatment tougher and still provide no assurance that Germany will not swallow France whole. Grandma, of course, is providing Mr Pinay with the means to protect the heavy franc against speculation, but how little she is providing, and on what terms, is Grandma's own little secret.

TAURUS

Week-end Crossword 336

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 336, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 13 Jan.



ACROSS

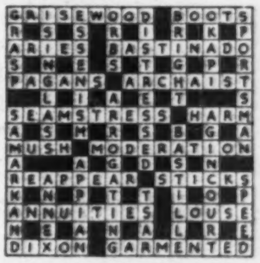
1. Gold-backed tree style (6).
4. The account to be paid swelled (8).
9. 'You have deliberately —— two worms' (Spooner) (6).
10. The Roman brings the nation to ruin before us (8).
11. To promote is central to commendations (5).
12. It is a lucky thing animals work on the farm (9).
13. Peculiar designations (6, 5).
17. Such relatives are rogues with crooked sin within (11).
20. Happy goes making the bottoms of columns (9).
22. Poet's friend to put after age (5).
23. Craft corrupting the girls (8).
24. Vessel taking part in a future engagement (6).
25. Military action after a southern appeal for shells (8).
26. The stars arrive with Eliot (6).

DOWN

1. Snares for a rising actor without a role (8).
2. It is hard to study with a commotion going on inside (8).
3. The brightest class is on top of the world (9).
5. A ring within a ring perhaps entertains dullards (11).
6. The slack are defeated all round the ring (5).
7. Importance of the Kensington district? (6).
8. Confounded girl in old man's embrace (6).
12. The whip puts sport before the harvest (11).
14. Prolonged notes to us need decyphering (9).
15. Without an American general these people would be reduced to evil things (8).
16. Shocks turning out in the shifting sands (8).
18. Cries about a singer (6).
19. Family with whom no Roman was ever able to say he had dined, according to Beerbohm (6).
21. Mr Reilly's property (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 334



G	R	I	S	E	W	O	O	D	■	B	O	O	T	S
R	■	S	■	S	■	R	■	I	■	R	■	K	■	P
A	R	I	E	S	■	B	A	S	T	I	N	A	D	O
S	■	N	■	E	■	S	■	T	■	G	■	P	■	R
P	A	G	A	N	S	■	A	R	C	H	A	I	S	T
■	■	L	■	I	■	A	■	E	■	T	■	■	■	S
S	E	A	M	S	T	R	E	S	S	■	H	A	R	M
A	■	S	■	M	■	R	■	S	■	B	■	G	■	A
M	U	S	H	■	M	O	D	E	R	A	T	I	O	N
A	■	■	■	A	■	G	■	D	■	S	■	N	■	■
R	E	A	P	P	E	A	R	■	S	T	I	C	K	S
K	■	N	■	P	■	T	■	T	■	I	■	O	■	P
A	N	N	U	I	T	I	E	S	■	L	O	U	S	E
N	■	E	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	L	■	R	■	E
D	I	X	O	N	■	G	A	R	M	E	N	T	E	D

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

Applications are invited for the following positions within the University of Sydney, all of which are newly established:—

(1) Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in History. Candidates should have qualifications in Modern European History or in Modern British History.
(2) Two Lectureships in History. Preference may be given for one Lectureship to candidates specialising in Modern European History.

Salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500—90—£2,100 per annum; for a Senior Lecturer within the range £A2,200—80—£2,600 per annum and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. In each case cost of living adjustment will be paid. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant.

Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 9 February, 1959.

AUSTRALIA

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

Applications are invited for the following Lectureships within the University of Sydney:—

(1) Lectureship in English Language.
(2) Lectureship in English Literature.
(3) Lectureship in Economics.

Salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500—90—£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant.

Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.

The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 6 February, 1959.

GRANADA TV NETWORK

Require

SALES EXECUTIVES

Experienced, especially in buying or selling television time.

RESEARCHERS

To find, analyse, condense and present facts.

VISUALISERS

To work in our Advertising Department on all sorts of advertisements. An opportunity for young people to show their talents in a field where frustration will often be their reward.

WRITERS

With a deep regard for the English language. This is not a routine job; it is a chance to make a mark as an Advertising Writer.

Our own staff know about this advertisement. Applicants should write, giving full details of qualifications and experience, to:

Alex Anson,
Director of Sales & Advertising,
Granada TV Network, Ltd,
187/193 Oxford Street,
London, W1.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service has vacancy for officer to act as deputy secretary of National Old People's Welfare Council. Experience of social work desirable; degree or social science qualification an advantage. Starting salary £800. Applics by 19 Jan on form obtainable (with further details) from 26 Bedford Square, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CO-OPERATIVE UNION LIMITED EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for an appointment as Tutor-Organiser in Consumer Education. The appointment is within a plan of experimental work and will be for at least four years. The person appointed will be responsible for initiating and directing work, both established and experimental, within the consumer education programme of the Co-operative Movement; will work within the Headquarters staff of the Education Department; and may be expected to undertake experimental projects in selected areas throughout the country. Commencing salary will be within the range of £720 × £25 to £880, the point of entry being determined by qualifications and experience. Further details may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., together with application forms which must be returned by 22 January, 1959.

CAMP DIRECTOR, HEAD OF CAMPING DEPARTMENT IN EUROPE

For Central Jewish Youth Serving Agency in Germany.

Organise, administer and supervise the operation of 2 or 3 camps for summer of 1959 for children 7 to 12 years of age. Includes selection and supervision of Camp Directors.

Qualifications: Extensive schooling and/or experience in directing and organising camps, recruiting staff, purchase and distribution of supplies, arranging transportation, etc.

Extensive Jewish background, particularly as it relates to camp programme. Salary DM 10,800 to 14,400 (£924-£1,225) per annum, inclg 1 month vacation with pay. Comprehensive knowledge of German language necessary.

Full transportation for worker and family. Assistance with housing.

Only those with appropriate background interested in full-time position with advancement should apply. Please state full details in first letter to Box 5257.

YOUTH WORK IN EUROPE

An unusual opportunity for the right person.

Director of youth work for a central Jewish youth serving agency. Man or woman, pref. married, and 30 to 45 years of age. Responsibilities include co-ordination of work of community and youth centres and camps and the development of national programme activities.

Job demands: Appropriate intensive schooling and experience in youth work, social work, camping, teaching, etc., together with rich Jewish background and education.

Must have comprehensive command of German or French language.

Salary commensurate with training and experience - £102 to £128 per month. Complete round-trip transportation for family, and assistance with housing needs. Minimum 2 years' commitment after successfully completed probationary period. Paid annual vacation, 1 month. Only those with appropriate education and experience need apply. Write complete details in first letter to Box 5285.

BBC requires Assistant to Scottish Publicity Officer in Edinburgh. Duties include collection and preparation of publicity material and its dissemination to the press and to BBC publications; handling enquiries from public and press, liaison with the press, development and maintenance of biographical material and other general publicity work. Qualifications: knowledge of Scottish history, life and affairs essential; broadcasting experience an advantage. Salary £825 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,160 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.937 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited for appointment as Research Assistant to the Granada Television Research Fellow who is undertaking a study on the public impact of television. Salary will be within range £700 - £900 a year. Appointment will be for one year in the first instance, renewable for a total period probably not exceeding five years. The selected applicant will be expected to collaborate in every aspect of the work including interviewing, assessment of programme material, the analysis of statistical and qualitative data, and the interpretation of results. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 24 January, 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Ghana School of Law: Lectureships: Applications are invited from barristers and solicitors for appointment to lectureships on the teaching staff of the Ghana School of Law. The Ghana School of Law has recently been established by the Government of Ghana to provide training for students who intend to qualify as practising lawyers in Ghana. It is desirable that applicants should either hold a good law degree or have had experience in teaching law. The salary scales are as follows: For Senior Lecturers, £1,700 to £2,150 a year; for Lecturers, £1,000 to £1,850 a year; for Assistant Lecturers, £900 a year. In addition a yearly car allowance will be paid and accommodation will be provided at a small rent (7½ per cent of salary). Two months' leave each year will be allowed and first class air passages paid to the United Kingdom for the lecturer and his wife. These posts offer an exceptionally interesting opportunity to anyone interested in developing new ideas and methods of legal education. The Ghana School of Law is an entirely new institution and anyone joining the staff now will be at the beginning of what is intended to become a new and important school for training lawyers in Africa. There will be ample opportunities for research and writing of text books. Applications should be sent to The Director of Recruitment, Ghana High Commissioner's Office, 13 Belgrave Square, London, SW1, from whom further information regarding the posts can be obtained.

AUSTRALIA. Canberra University College. Associate Professor in Japanese. Applications are invited for the above appointment. Salary range: £A2,750 per annum. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 January 1959.

AUSTRALIA. University of Queensland. Senior Lecturer in Economics (Statistics). Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an honours degree in Economics, Statistics or Mathematics, with knowledge and experience in economics and in social statistics. Salary £A2,160-£A2,510 per annum. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 16 February 1959.

RSPCA School Lecturer. Lecturer required, man or woman, preferably qualified teachers, for speaking in schools on humane treatment of animals. Candidates should be under 45 years of age and be prepared to travel widely in England. Duties to commence on 1 September 1959. Commencing salary, from £475-£600 p.a., according to experience and qualifications, rising to a maximum of £800 by annual increments of £25. A car would be provided and all expenses paid when away from home. Contributory Pension Scheme. Applications, by letter only, to Chief Secretary RSPCA, 105 Jermyn Street, SW1, by 31 January 1959.

GENERAL Secretary required by The National Union of Bank Employees. With 50,000 members among all grades of staff in banks throughout the country, the Union's further development offers a challenge to one having good personality, considerable ability and appropriate experience. Commencing total emoluments by arrangement but not less than £1,500 per annum. Pension scheme. Application forms from 'GS', 28 Old Queen Street, Westminster, SW1.

BIRKENHEAD & District Co-operative Party invite applications for the post of Secretary/Organiser. A thorough knowledge of the Co-operative Movement, Co-operative Party, Election Law and Procedure is essential. Salary - £660 to commence with two Annual increments of £50 to £760. Forms of application obtainable from the Staff Manager, Co-operative Society, 14 Catherine Street, Birkenhead.

PUBLICITY. The Bodley Head require experienced Publicity and Advertising Manager; great scope for applicant with knowledge of book trade and design, and administrative ability to run growing department; salary according to qualifications; all applications will be treated in confidence. Write, stating full details and salary required, to Max Reinhardt, The Bodley Head, 10 Earlham Street, London, WC2.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Chiswick Polytechnic, Bath Road, Bedford Park, W4. Applications are invited for Lecturers, preferably with some experience of teaching adults, who have interesting material of a topical nature, or the product of recent research, which could form the basis for a series of six, twelve, or twenty-four popular evening lectures. Physical Sciences, Criminology, Historical and Regional Geography, Applied Psychology, Ancient History, Philosophy, Medicine, Biology, Contemporary Art and Literature, are possible subjects, but suggestions in other fields would be welcomed. Apply with suggested titles to the Principal. C. E. Gurr, MSc, PHD, Secy to Education Committee.

MATRON/Housemistress, exp., interested child-development, wanted Jan, 1959 for small boarding dept. Boys/girls 10/16. Good salary and holidays. Hampstead area. Box 5005.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WOMAN Graduate, Hons. English, Teachers Dip., experience, needed Training College, Madras. Apply Mrs Taffs, 16 Church Cres., Muswell Hill, N10.

CHILD Welfare Officers. Applications are invited for positions of Child Welfare Officer based on an Area Children's Office near London Bridge Station (subject to the Council's right to transfer staff to other areas). They will deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. The area covers for reception purposes the Metropolitan Boroughs of Bermondsey, Lambeth and Southwark, but children under supervision are placed in a wider area, including residential establishments outside London and foster homes in Croydon County Borough, East Surrey and East Sussex. Considerable travelling is involved and ability to drive a car is highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available to non-drivers. Case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Candidates should have previous experience in child care or allied social work. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other appropriate academic qualification will be an advantage. Salary £630-£927 10s. Qualifications and experience taken into consideration in determining starting salary. Opportunity for promotion to Senior Child Welfare Officer position carrying salary £815-£1,140. Applic. forms (returnable by 10 Jan. 1959) and other details may be obtained from the Children's Officer (CH/E1), London County Council, The County Hall, SE1.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officers. Applications invited from women for appointment as Child Care Officers, APTDI, in Children's Department. Salary not less than £635 for suitably qualified candidates. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a university diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Scheme of Conditions of Service for APT and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, Holly House, 220-224 London Road, Chelmsford, not later than 17 January 1959. Canvassing forbidden.

TEMPORARY Female - Probation Officer urgently required for 3 to 6 months; preferably trained social worker or former Probation Officer; salary up to £9 weekly. Early applications, stating age, education, qualifics and exp., with names and addresses of two referees or alternatively, two recent testimonials, to Clerk to the Justices, Law Courts, Civic Centre, Southampton.

PART- or Full-time Girls' Leader required for Magdalen College Club, Somers Town, NW1. Duties include case-work and visiting, and some contact with adults and old people. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Further details from The Secretary (Miss E. E. Leach), 9 Colosseum Terrace, NW1, to whom applications must be sent by 14 Jan., together with 2 testimonials and names and addresses of 2 referees.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist required adolescent spastic centre. Whitley Council scale and conditions plus London weighting. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

PART-time Teachers reqd., evgs 5-8, English for Foreigners. St Giles' Schl of Languages, 64-66 Oxford St, W1. MUS. 4574.

BOROUGH of Holborn Youth Club. Chief Warden to be in charge of club, Johns Mews, Holborn, WC1. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 6-10.30 p.m. and such additional hours as may be mutually agreed to a total maximum of 20 per week. Salary £7 10s to £10 per week dependent upon the number of hours worked. Male Club Leader, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 6-10.30 p.m. Fees 30s. per session of 4½ hours. Experience in Youth Club work essential for both positions. Applications to Town Clerk, Town Hall, Holborn, WC1, by 21 January, 1959.

AMERICAN organisation requires active intelligent young people, pref. with car, for unusual job in UK or Europe. Applicants should enjoy travel, making new contacts, and large earnings. Interview Fri. or Sat. 2, 3, 9 or 10 Jan. 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Brittan: The Crows Nest, 3 John Street, London, WC1.

MARKET Investigations Limited have vacancies for full-time women interviewers, preferably graduates, to work independently on a wide variety of surveys. Any previous experience of interviewing is less important than the ability to handle people sympathetically and an interest in experimental techniques. The posts are based on London but involve some travelling for which generous allowances are paid. Please write, with full details, to Mrs S. M. Lloyd, Market Investigations Ltd, 1-2 Berners St, W1.

GOOD female clerk required. Age immaterial but some knowledge of crafts an advantage. Also a Showroom Assistant, age 18-25, with some experience of window dressing. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Russian Studies. Candidates should have special interests and qualifications in Russian History. Salary scale £700 to £850 per annum, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 24 January 1959 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

RECORDING Company requires two Junior Assistants for its Classical Recording staff. Qualifications include knowledge orchestral and operatic repertoire, score reading ability and personality. Box 5175.

SHORTHAND-Typist required as secretary to Heads of Departments. Permanent and pensionable, good holidays. Salary on London County Council scale. Full particulars from the Secretary, City of London College, Moorgate, EC2. MON. 8112.

SECRETARY; correspondence, shorthand, figures. Closed Jewish holidays. Convex Ltd, 41 Brecknock Road, N7.

SECRETARY 21/25 (speeds 120/50) for Advtg firm W1. Sal. to £10. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

TRADE union official needs secretary. Up to £600 p.a. 5-day week. MAC. 6464.

THE Town & Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391 or Radnage 2348) requires responsible handyman-gardener take charge weekend house (Chilterns).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

AM 23. Possess post at £1,000 p.a. but lack opportunity to use intelligence. Would welcome exercise for initiative. Trustworthy & eager to learn. Box 5159.

WOMAN teacher, BA, specialising French, editorial experience, young 60, seeks scope, dept head, warden, editor. Box 5201.

MABEL Byles & Ptners. Sh./typing, translating, duplicatg, printing. MOU. 1701

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SCHOOLS

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

PERSONAL

IMPECUNIOUS Scottish medical student (22), reqs passage to Malaya July '59 returning September. Would act as guardian-companion, etc. Anything consid. Box 5145.

MARIONETTE Theatre reqs. actress. Write B. C. Lewis, 51 Linton Rd, Barking.

ATTRACTIVE healthy boy aged 11. Permanent Jewish foster home sought. Details from The Jewish Board of Guardians, Children's Dept., 74a Charlotte Street, London, W1. (MUSeum 1644.)

IF you are over 30 and would welcome serious discussion of present-day topics in private Friday evening coffee group (NW6, conven. bus and tube), write Box 5202.

RELIABLE couple willing to baby-sit, cook excellent meals in exchange accommodation central London where own occupations, writing, illustrating can be followed. MUS. 9787 between 10 and 12

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MALE (40) seeks companion (m) for weekend outings. Box 5188.

BACHELOR (40's) sks companion (m.) beginners ski-ing hol., end of Jan. Box 5152.

PERSONAL—continued

NEW Year Resolution: have 1st class coaching in French & enjoy it. Box 5268.

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SEE Meetings column: 'Abortion – Legal or Illegal' Watford.

DESTINY of Man: 16 Jan. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon (Norman Glaister); 23 Jan., 'Basic Symbols' (Glynn Faithfull).

NOW is the Time. . . . We would like to remind our clients to let us start planning their 1959 'En Famille' holidays really early, while we can still offer the widest choice of Host-Families. 'Get to know the people of the country you visit by staying with them in their homes.' Write for illustrated Brochure to: EFA, 1 New Burlington St, Regent St, London, W1. REGent 8866.

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CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

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HOMOSEXUALS can still be given sentences of up to life imprisonment for acts committed by consenting adults in private. If you think that the law should be changed, write to:— The Secretary, The Homosexual Law Reform Society, Rooms 27-29, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 315/46, Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

PERSONAL—continued

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

10s each offered for Political Quarterly, vol. 24, No. 1, 1953; vol. 27, No. 2, 1956. Box 5208.

JOHN O'London's. Over 1,000 issues; original articles Shaw, Wells, Bennett, etc. Offers? Box 5085.

'EXPERIENCES in a Chinese Commune' are related by David Crook of the English Dept., Peking Foreign Languages Institute. Also 'New Trade Policies for Old' (John Eaton), 'Outlook for 1959' (R. Palme Dutt). January 'Labour Monthly', 1s. 8d. or 9s. half-yearly post free from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

RUSSIAN books in English & Russian & Russian records for sale at bargain prices, 5-9 Jan., at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

BERTRAND Russell's new book Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare. Out 8 Jan. By post paper 3s. 10d., cloth 8s. from Southbank Bookpost, 10 Cleaver Square, SE11.

CHILD Adoption – a quarterly for all those professionally interested in the subject. 'The future of adoption work' and 'Adoption in Cyprus' are two of the topics covered in the current issue. Subscriptions 10s. p.a. or single copies 2s. 6d. post free from Hon. Secretary, Gort Lodge, Petersham, Surrey.

DR ZHIVAGO, reviewed by Jack Lindsay, Novy Mir opinion on Pasternak; Alexandrove on Eisenstein's Ivan the Terrible – II. Articles on Samarkand and musical Moscow, educational changes, psychiatry, and English Chekhovians. Read winter issue of Anglo-Soviet Journal, 2s. 6d.; from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8, or bookshops.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

RUSSIAN Lending Library – 10,000 volumes, current periodicals: general literature, fiction, science, language. Postal borrowing for country members. Apply details to Sec., SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

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3 yng wm with large flat, 2 mins Finchley Rd Stn req. 4th. Own bedrm, £2 17s. 6d. p.w. Share lounge, kit., bath, gas, el. & TV. MAI. 9950 eve. & weekends. Vincent.

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6 Jan. at 7.0	Aida (in Italian)
9 Jan. at 7.30	The Magic Flute

THE ROYAL BALLET

7 Jan. at 7.30	Cinderella
8 Jan. at 7.30 and 10 Jan. at 2.0 and 7.30	The Sleeping Beauty

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TER. 1672
Evenings 7.30, Sats. 2.30

6 Jan.	The Marriage of Figaro
7 & 10 Jan. (evgs)	Eugene Onegin
8 Jan. (evg) & 10 Jan. (mat.)	Hansel and Gretel
9 Jan.	Schwanda the Bagpiper

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Monday to Saturday 2.30 & 7.30. 'Radio Rescue'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Non-Stop Revue. 3-yr., fr. 2.30. Sun. 4. 9th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems tckt.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 7.30. Sat. 2.30 & 7.30. 'A Christmas Carol'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Mother Courage'. Fri., Sat., Sn. 7.30. Ends 18 Jan. Mems.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Telemann, Vivaldi, Bach, Handel. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat., 10 Jan., 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Jan. 4: Monsieur Hulot's Holiday (U). From Jan. 5 Première remarkable Czech comedy, Old Man Motorcar (U). Journey Into Spring (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Week c. Jan. 4, 7 days. 'Kanal', Polish Film, Eng. titles (X). H. Fonda, A. Quayle, 'The Wrong Man' (A).

HOLBORN Film Soc. Jan.-Apr. '59. 1st Sun., 3rd Tu. Poil de Carotte, Born Yesterday, Red Badge of Courage, Nouveaux Messieurs, Menschen am Sonntag, Night of the Hunter, Letter with Feathers, Welcome Mr Marshall. Notable shorts. 8 shows 12s., 4 Sun./Tu. 7s., guests 2s. Hon. Sec., Hol. Cen. Lib., 198 High Holborn, WC1. HOL. 3411.

PROGRESSIVE League Dance. Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Sat., 17 Jan. 7-11 p.m. Tkts: 4s. (Students 2s. 6d.) from: J. Small, White Cottage, Burtonhole Lane, NW7.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Johnnie Ware Quartet playing Jazz for Dancing. Today Saturday 3 January, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S recent publications by Marquet, Boudin, Lorjou, Modigliani on view at and illustrated catalogue (1s. 6d.) from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Paintings by Fontana, Crippa, Dova, Clemente from the Damiano Collection. 8 January-7 February. Week-days 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free. Private view for members 6 p.m., Wed., 7 January.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Ceramics by Campavias. Paintings by Maurer.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16, Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 29 Dec.-17 Jan. Sculpture. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Lutka Pink. Till 7 January. Daily 10-6 except Sundays.

'LOW Evening Tide', comprehensive range of prints by Peter Scott. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. Close Earl's Court Stn. Open all day Sat. Tel. FRE 3328.

RUSSIAN paintings from the 13th to the 20th century. An Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy. Till 1 March. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Eugene Boudin Retrospective Exhibition in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Adm. 2s. 6d. & 1s. Daily 10-5; Sats 10-12.30. Extended to 15 Jan.

YOUR Children will want details of how to enter the 12th annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. For leaflet send a stamped addressed envelope to: National Exhibition of Children's Art (B), Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4. Closing date for entries 26 February.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ARTISTS, Potters, Sculptors: Apply to Mrs K. Baker, 28 Frewin Rd, SW18, for sending-in form for 1959 Pictures for Schools Exhibition, Whitechapel Art Gallery, 31 January to 21 February. Sending-in days 9, 10 & 11 January.

EVIE Hone: Stained glass, paintings, drawings. Arts Council Gellery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 14 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., Annual New Year Exhibn. Also, The Robert Banks Collection. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Exhibition of 'Mille Gravures en Couleurs'. Hours 10-6 inc. Sats. Until 10 Jan.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club.
'POPULARISM & CONTEMPORARY PAINTING': BASIL TAYLOR. The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1, Mon. 5 Jan., 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s.

UNIVERSITY College, London. Public Lunch-Hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission free. 13 Jan.—Genetical and Cultural Transmission in Animals and Man, Dr H. Kalmus. 15 Jan.—Critics, Controversies and Criteria: Some Literary Problems, Dr B. A. Rowley. 20 Jan.—From Sheep Station To Capital: The Growth of Canberra, Professor Sir William Holford. 22 Jan.—The Limits of the Popularization of Science, Mr B. C. Brookes. 27 Jan.—A New Kind of Twin, Dr L. Brent. 29 Jan.—Machiavelli as a Dramatist, Dr G. Aquilecchia. 3 Feb.—Logical Truth, Dr J. L. Watling. 5 Feb.—Water for the Swiss Jura, Dr A. J. Lloyd. 10 Feb.—Social Problems of Underdeveloped Countries, Mr F. Parkinson. 12 Feb.—William Wallace and Robert Bruce, Mr G. W. S. Barrow. 17 Feb.—The Evolutionary Origins of Distance Communication by Honey-Bees, Dr A. D. Blest. 19 Feb.—Looking at Mediæval Manuscripts, Mr A. G. Watson. 24 Feb.—Excavations at Buhen, Sudan, Professor W. B. Emery. 26 Feb.—Alexander Von Humboldt (d. 1859), Traveller, Geographer, Philosopher, Dr K. A. Sinnhuber. 3 Mar.—The Vikings, Professor A. H. Smith. 5 Mar.—The Dead Sea Scrolls: Where Do They Come From? Dr E. Wiesenberg. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College, London, Gower St, WC1. (Stamped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITY College, London. Free Public Lectures, Spring Term, 1959. Thurs. and Mon., 15, 19, 22, 26, 29 Jan.; 2, 5, 9 Feb., at 5.00. The Commonwealth Fund Lectures by Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr, 'Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Coming of War'. Tues., 20 Jan., at 5.30, Chambers Memorial Lecture by Mr. Richard O'Sullivan, QC, 'R. W. Chambers and Sir Thomas More: the Scholar and the Saint'. Thurs., 12, 19, 26 Feb., 5 Mar., at 5.30, The Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature by C. V. Wedgwood, 'The Use of History in Imaginative Literature'. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures), from Publications Officer, University College, London, Gower St, WC1. (Stamped envelope required.)

WORLD Jewish Congress—British Section. Jewish Forum, 1958/9. Monday 5 January, 1959, at 8 p.m., at the Council Room, 33, Seymour Place, London, W1. 'Who is a Jew in the Diaspora?' Rabbi Dr S. Goldman, MA. Chairman, Central Council for Jewish Religious Education, Mr John Hajnel, MA (Oxon.), Lecturer in Demography, London School of Economics, Dr S. A. Miller, Hon. Secretary, World Jewish Congress, British Section. Dr W. Van Der Zyl, Joint Chairman, World Union for Progressive Judaism. In the Chair: Mr S. W. Gold, Chairman, Organisation Committee, World Jewish Congress, British Section.

AFRICAN Forum—Dr Pitt on 'Socialism in Africa'. 8 January. 7.30. 7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq., W1.

PIONEER Women of Great Britain. Brains Trust on Middle East—What is the Answer?, on Wednesday, 7 January 1959, at 8 p.m. (doors open at 7.30 p.m.), at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1. Miss Elaine Burton, MP, Councillor Mrs. Nancy Silverman, LCC, Mrs Mary Saran, General Secretary, International Council of Social Democratic Women. Miss Rena Langer, General Secretary, Pioneer Women of Great Britain. Question Master: Mr Maurice Orbach, MP. All welcome. Admission free.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'The Pace of Colonial Development', John Hatch, Wed., 7 Jan., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 7.30. Vis. 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Communication. A critical look at British Art magazines. Speakers will include Harold Cohen, Hans Juda. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Thursday, 8 January, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

'YOUTH against The Bomb,' Conway Hall, High St, E17. 5 Jan. at 7.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 10 January, at 6 p.m. Señor P. Parrilla: La Celestina.

CRITICISM and the critic: Bernard Bergonzi discusses the nature of literary criticism. Ben Uri Literary Circle, 14 Portman St, W1, Sun., 4 Jan., 8 p.m. sharp.

'ABORTION—Legal or Illegal?' Watford Branch Progressive League, Thurs., 15 January, 7.45 p.m., at Cookery Nook, 93 The Parade, High Street, Watford. Speaker: Basil Bonner, B.Sc, chairman, Abortion Law Reform Association. Train met 7.38 Watford Junction (leaves Euston 7.7).

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 4 Jan. W. E. Swinton, PhD. 'New Perspectives for Man'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Special Public Lecture, Wed., 7 Jan., 6.30 sharp: 'Conversations with Jungle-Bhikkus', F. Hungerleider, President, Vienna Buddhist Society. A lecture of particular interest for those wishing to know how meditation is practised in Buddhist countries today. The speaker has travelled widely in the East.—Read 'The Middle Way' (3s. post free), leading Buddhist journal in the West. Information TAT. 1313.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun., 4 Jan., 8 p.m. 'The Ocean of Theosophy', ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

IWC, London Branch. Fri., 2 Jan., 8.30 p.m., 'Sant Mat. Teaching of the Saints'. Mr S. T. Fripp. Fri., 9 Jan., 8.30 p.m., 'Reflections of an Indian Missionary'. Rev. Marcus Ward. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2 PAD. 0688. Free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 4 January, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: 'Retrospect and Prospect'.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 6 Jan. Richard Peters, PhD, 'Moral Education'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled On Politics and Culture; (i) 'Characteristics of our Time'; (ii) 'The Role of the Intellectuals, I'; (iii) 'The Role of the Intellectuals, II' will be delivered by Professor C. Wright Mills (Columbia) at 5 p.m. on 12, 13 and 15 January at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission Free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

CRIMINOLOGY: 10 Univ. Extension Lectures. Tutor: Terence Morris. Guest speakers include Dr Maxwell Jones, Dr Edward Glover and Dr John Spencer: on Wednesdays, 7 to 8.30 p.m., from 14 January, at Goldsmiths' College, SE14 (TID. 2266). Fee 8s. Further details of this and other courses available on request.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited from experienced social workers, male and female, for places in the Mental Health Course, a one-year, full-time course commencing October 1959. Grants for fees and maintenance are available for suitable applicants. This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals and Local Authority Mental Health Service. It is also valuable for all kinds of social workers who wish for further supervised casework experience in a psychiatric setting. Candidates must hold a Degree or Certificate in the Social Sciences, and have had practical training and full-time employment in social work. The minimum age for acceptance is 22 years, but preference is given to those between 24 and 35. Applications should be made as soon as possible and not later than 1 March (31 January 1959 for oversea applicants). Further particulars may be obtained from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics & Political Science, Houghton St, WC2, where the course will be held.

THE National Old People's Welfare Council, 26 Bedford Square, WC1. Intensive 14-week training courses for those wishing to become Matrons or Assistant Matrons of old people's homes. Applications are invited for the next course beginning on 16 March 1959. Apply to the Secretary.

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